This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

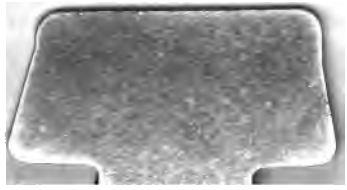
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

37.

357.



MEMOIR

OF

MRS. AGNES BULMER,

AUTHOR OF "MESSIAH'S KINGDOM,"
AND OF THE "MEMOIRS OF MRS. MORTIMER," &C.

BY HER SISTER,

ANNE ROSS COLLINSON.

TO WHICH IS SUBJOINED,

MRS. BULMER'S LAST POEM,

MAN THE OFFSPRING OF DIVINE BENEVOLENCE,

COMPOSED A SHORT TIME BEFORE HER DEATH.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY J. G. AND F. RIVINGTON,
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD,
AND WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL.

1837.

357.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

LONDON:—James Nichols, Printer, 46, Hoxton-square.

PREFACE.

It has pleased that Almighty Power who is "too wise to err, too good to be unkind," suddenly to remove, from a life of great usefulness, our beloved and inestimable friend, Mrs. Agnes Bulmer. She has for some time been known to the religious and literary world by her poetical work, entitled, "Messiah's Kingdom," and also by the "Memoir of Mrs. Elizabeth Mortimer." The last production of her Muse, which is now offered to her friends and the public in the following poem, was completed a very short time before her death; and shows that if her sun suddenly went down, at least it set in glory!

It has been suggested that a short account of its pious and highly intellectual author, prefixed to the poem, would be very acceptable to those who loved and honoured her on earth; indeed, it was pressed upon me as a personal duty, resulting not only from the close tie

of consanguinity that united us, and the endearing scenes of playful childhood, but more especially from the grateful experience of maturer years, which has engraven on the tablet of memory such indelible inscriptions of her wisdom, worth, and sisterly affection, as must remain preserved, together with her hallowed image, in the inmost recess of my heart, so long as that heart shall vibrate to the tones of sympathy, or that memory retain its impress of those who "were most precious to me." But though thus called upon, a strong conviction of my own insufficiency for the performance of the task assigned, made me shrink awhile from obeying the requisition; and I hoped that some more competent memorialist would arise, who, combining an intimate knowledge of Mrs. Bulmer's private and literary excellence, with her public religious deportment, would be qualified to trace the just proportions of a character where native delicacy prevented display; while deep piety, and a judiciously-cultivated understanding, gave her uncommon influence over the large circle of her friends and admirers. It is now with the utmost diffidence that the following brief sketch of her life is presented to the public.

But it must be premised, here is no brilliant anecdote to dazzle and amuse the lover of narrative; for no eccentricity of conduct disturbed the regular tenor of her Christian course. She was contented to be pious, and to be useful; to improve the talents with which she was entrusted, to the glory of God, her own advancement in holiness, and the benefit of those with whom she was connected or acquainted.

It is to the real philanthropist, who feels a supreme delight in watching the developement of Christian principles in childhood, and their progressive effects with increasing years, that this short Memoir is addressed. In its subject, those principles may be seen controlling and sanctifying the affections, elevating the genius, correcting the taste, reigning in the heart, and governing the understanding; pervading every social and relative duty, making their possessor a blessing to herself, to her family and friends, and a peculiar honour to that religious Body with which she was particularly united.

A few of her minor poems have been selected from her portfolio, and added at the close of the volume.

A. R. C.

CONTENTS.

MEMOIR 1

POETRY.

Man ,the offspring of Divine Benevolence..... 125

To a Friend, who requested a Poetical Epistle..... 172

Lines inscribed in the Album of a Persian Gentleman. 175

Impromptu, with some Preston Salts..... 177

Lines addressed to a Friend on the Baptism of her infant Daughter 179

MEMOIR

OF

MRS. AGNES BULMER.

Rest, rest in glory! o'er thy bier
Shall Faith and Hope submissive bow;
Sad Friendship drops the tender tear,
With cypress wreathes her pensive brow.
Pale, by her crumbling column leans,
And turns to Heaven for happier scenes.

Messiah's Kingdom.

MEMOIR

OF

MRS. AGNES BULMER.

DEAR were the friends of childhood, and dear were those of riper years. The shadows of past scenes, and of many beloved and departed relatives, rise before me. But "the remembrance of the just is blessed:" and such were they; for they "were washed, for they were sanctified, for they were justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God."

AGNES COLLINSON was the third daughter of Edward and Elizabeth Collinson, of Lombard Street, London; and was born on the 31st of August, 1775. Her pious and judicious parents felt a strong sense of their own personal responsibility to train up the heirs of immortality, committed to their care, "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." They presented her early to the Saviour in the sacrament of baptism; and the prayer of faith was heard and accepted. Their precept was accompanied by

example; and, after leading their young charge to the house of God, they endeavoured, by their own upright conduct, to show the efficacy of the religion they professed. How often in later life, long after the dust had been sprinkled over their dear remains, did she love to dwell on the deep debt of gratitude she owed them! No cold, heartless tenets of modern philosophy loosened in her mind the bonds of filial affection; she loved, honoured, and obeyed them while living, and reverenced their memory when dead.

At school she was much beloved by her companions for her kindness, good temper, and willingness to assist them; while her serious and thoughtful manner gained her the appellation of "the sage Agnes," or "the Judge." Her poetical genius was first elicited by the governess desiring each of her pupils to write weekly, as a school-exercise, two or more lines in verse. That some of these productions were sufficiently ludicrous, may be well imagined; but the efforts of Agnes's youthful muse were viewed so favourably by her instructress, that she desired her to transcribe one of her own compositions, instead of the usual extracts which were written by the scholars, as specimens of penmanship, for the inspection of their parents.

Dr. Young's "Night Thoughts" were at this time her favourite book; and, though only twelve years old,

she had a heart to feel, and taste to appreciate, the piety and sublimity of that great poet. Indeed, the supposition is not unreasonable, that to the early perusal and study of his works she was greatly indebted for that elevation of thought by which her own writings were afterwards distinguished; and that the strong perception of force and dignity, which was thus in childhood imparted to her susceptible mind, gave its permanent impression to her character.

On leaving school, in her fourteenth year, she was anxious to improve the lessons which she had there received, and to gather up the fragments of time, lest they might be wasted. Her little pocket Bible became her constant companion; and the length of time she spent on her knees exciting some surprise, one of her young relatives asked her what she said in her prayers, and whether she made them herself.

In the same year she first addressed a copy of verses to her parents, on the anniversary of their wedding-day. This spontaneous effort of affectionate respect was so gratifying to their parental feelings, that her father presented her with the "Elegant Extracts in Verse." She was delighted with the book; the variety of its subjects enlarged her imagination, and her heart glowed with the enthusiasm of poetical ardour. From this time until her excellent father's death, she never

failed to lay a similar annual offering on the filial altar.

She was first introduced to the notice of the Rev. John Wesley, by her parents sending him some lines which she had written on the death of his brother, the Rev. Charles Wesley. He was so much pleased with them, that he returned her the following answer:—

"My dear Maiden,

"Beware of pride; beware of flattery; suffer none to commend you to your face; remember, one good temper is of more value, in the sight of God, than a thousand good verses. All you want is to have the mind that was in Christ, and to walk as Christ walked."

She returned him her thanks in verse, testifying her deep reverence for his character, and how highly she valued the honour of his correspondence. Whatever might be the merits of the poetry, it met with the approbation of the venerable man to whom it was addressed. He sent her an answer, which, if the value of praise is to be appreciated according to the worth of the person who bestows it, was likely to be highly gratifying to the pride of a youthful heart; but that heart was now learning humility in the school of Christ, and becoming gradually

conscious of its own ignorance and weakness. The day-spring of Divine truth which had early dawned upon her mind, had revealed her own lost estate by nature, and the necessity of a Saviour; that light continued to increase; it illumined her understanding, warmed her affections, and guided her conduct.

Her first note of admission to the Methodist Society was given in December, 1789, and her first ticket in the following March: the scripture motto of the latter is, "My son, give me thine heart." She received them both from Mr. Wesley; and from that time until her death, she continued a steady and consistent member of that Connexion.

When the heart is really under the influence of Divine grace, the intellectual powers also develope themselves with greater energy. Her first class-leader was the pious Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers, whom she much loved and valued: from those meetings for religious instruction, which she regularly attended, she acquired an habitual watchfulness over the workings of her own spirit, and guarded against its proneness to wander. The short and only diary which she appears to have kept, is in the close of the year 1791: a few extracts may suffice to show her Christian decision, and her solemn sense of the infinite importance of time.

"How rapid is the progress of time! How many hours has my thoughtless youth squandered away,

when I should have been seeking the pearl of great price! How often, when I should have employed my time in the service of God, have I been searching after vain and trifling things that could never give peace to my immortal soul! May the Lord help me to devote every remaining hour to him, and from this time forward faithfully to mark all that passes in my mind, that it may prove a check to sin, and an incentive to good works!

"Oct. 18th. Let me, with a heart replete with gratitude, offer up my thanksgivings to God for his kind and heavenly protection. I am unspeakably happy in my mind; my soul seems released from every burden; I can rejoice in the forgiving love of God. O my Father, do thou overshadow me with thy presence, save me from the numerous evils to which my inexperienced youth is prone, and let me live in thee.

"30th. How sweet is the rest of the sabbath! How divinely ordered by our heavenly Father, that the weary may have rest for their bodies, and renew the strength of their minds! It is like all the rest of the mercies of God,—calculated to make man happy!

"Nov. 12th. O thou great Author of all good, do thou teach me to employ every precious moment to thy glory; for they are all registered in heaven! May none of them appear against me at thy dread

tribunal! To Jesus, the all-sufficient Sacrifice, I look, to blot out all my past and future transgressions, and to make me holy as he would have me to be."

The following reflections were written the day before she completed her seventeenth year :—

"Another year has run its swift course, and I am once more on the eve of my birth-day: how short a time does it appear since last that period brought the most solemn reflections to my mind! I look back, and it seems but a dream, a fleeting shadow! Day has followed day, and month succeeded month, and how little have they been regarded! How few of those precious moments have been employed to their right purpose, and to the end for which they were given,—the glory of God! But the infinite mercy of my Redeemer has not only spared my life through the past year, but has crowned it with numberless acts of love and goodness! May He still continue to guide my weakness, and help me to devote the remainder of my days to his glory! And though seventeen years have passed to so little improvement, may every power of my soul now rise with an earnest desire to glorify God, my Maker, Redeemer, and expected Sanctifier. Surely, if I can form any judgment of my own heart, I think it is my whole desire to serve and love my God alone, to live to him, to die to him, and to enjoy him for ever. And

NOW, the present NOW, is the time given me to employ to this important purpose; for, unassured of a moment, how needful is it to be always ready! Many whom I have loved and respected have been lately called home; and who can tell the next that shall be summoned before the bar of God? 'My merciful God, is it I?' Is it I that shall first stand in the presence of an awful Judge? Happy, inexpressibly happy, are they who stand prepared, who have their lamps trimmed, and are looking for and earnestly expecting the coming of the Bridegroom of their souls; for he will assuredly come, and perhaps when we think him at a distance! O may I then be found of him in peace, washed, and made white in the blood of the Lamb!"

In 1793, in her eighteenth year, she was married to the late Mr. Joseph Bulmer; and proved herself, to the hour of his death, a most devotedly attached wife. With a heart capable of the warmest affection, she possessed an uncommon degree of prudence, and employed the great influence which she had over him, for the best of purposes, and was truly his fellow-helper in the road to Zion. If she had a wish to shine, it was in his sight; and he in his turn felt proud and delighted at her intelligent and unassuming manners. A new sphere of duties and employments being thus opened to her, she assiduously applied herself to move regularly in it, and never

permitted her love of study to intrench on the peculiar duties of her sex. Her household arrangements evinced her well-disciplined mind;—every thing was in order, and she herself was never in a hurry, though always employed. Many of the best and wisest in the Wesleyan Connexion were frequent visiters at their house. Several of these now sleep in the dust; but one of them especially deserves to be mentioned by her memorialist,—the eminently learned, pious, and venerable Dr. Adam Clarke. He appreciated her mental energies, and sought to give them a right direction; his recommendation of well-chosen books, and his experiments in natural philosophy, stimulated her desire to penetrate into the secret processes of nature; while his sermons and conversations led her earnestly to contemplate the high dignity and stupendous faculties of the immaterial and immortal soul of man.

Her manners were cheerful and animated, though never frivolous; and she felt social intercourse to be one of the chief blessings of this changeful life. Indeed, she was formed to enjoy that free interchange of thought which springs from unreserved and familiar converse with the wise and good; when the mind not only brings forth its accumulated stores, but increases their polish by exposure.

Her religion influenced every part of her conduct, and, like the sap of a living tree, penetrated to its most distant branches. No wonder, then, when several of her family were brought to know and love their God and Saviour, that she rejoiced with exceeding joy! The following lines are transcribed from some which she addressed to them at that time; and if the poetry is not of the highest order, yet it shows her own blessed experience of the power of Divine grace, and her affectionate solicitude, that they also might be determined to put on the whole armour of God.

"FIGHT the good fight of faith with me,
My fellow-soldiers, fight."

BUT how must Christians for the fight prepare?
What ensign suits the order of the cross?
Soldiers of Christ! what weapons do you bear,
That all your foes ye rout with harm and loss?

Come, let us search the treasury divine,
And see what store is made for our defence:
Lo! heaps of arms in sacred order shine,
Enough for all who would the fight commence.

A girdle here of sovereign use is laid,
Which first must be by every soldier worn;
The knowledge of the truth, without whose aid
We cannot brace the Christian armour on.

Next, for the breast our glorious Captain's care
Has an invincible defence prepared:
'T is spotless righteousness must guard us there;
Wrought in, and by, the merit of our Lord.

But lest our weary footsteps e'er should slide,
Lo! here are sandals on our feet to place;
The Gospel-peace must in our hearts preside,
And thus prepare us for the appointed race.

But, above all, to cover and defend,
The shield of faith, we must incessant bear;
'T will quench the fiery darts our foes may send;
Nor can they wound us while our shield is there.

Then comes our helmet, and a strong one too,
The full assurance of eternal life;
For while this vast inheritance we view,
What can allure us from the glorious strife?

Thus arm'd from head to foot, the Spirit's sword
We next must wield, our daring foes to gall;
For satan flies before the word of God,
And all the armies of the aliens fall.

Still incomplete, one mighty weapon more
The Christian army for their warfare need;
Thou faithful Leader of thy soldiers, pour
On all the grace with thee in faith to plead!

To plead in constant, fervent, faithful prayer,
Our never-ceasing exercise should be;
Nor for ourselves alone,—let all men share
An interest in our faith and charity.

Nor must we fail as sentinels to stand,
Lest, unperceived, the foe our camp surprise;
But vigilantly watching sword in hand,
We shall detect him, though in dark disguise.

This is our armour, and our Captain! Who,
Who takes the charge of this victorious band?
Who, but the Lord of Hosts! who once o'ercame
Those daring foes with whom we now contend?

Come on, then, my loved friends; be bold, be brave,
Be steadfast, and be sure of victory!
O! let the cross on all our banners wave,
And "Holiness to God" our motto be.

And when at last the glorious field is won,
And death the latest of our foes subdued;
Our Lord shall call us up to take the crown
And kingdom, purchased by his sacred blood.

The following extracts from letters which she addressed about this time to a relative, thirteen years of age, who was at school, are well worthy the attentive perusal of the young:—

"1796.

"MY DEAR M.,

"WHEN I parted from you this morning, I felt my mind exceedingly concerned, knowing the situation you would be in, and the dangers to which you would be exposed, lest you should be moved from the hope of the Gospel, or lose any measure of the blessing the Lord has bestowed upon you; and I determined, by the help of that God who only is able to keep us from falling, to give you a little advice. May he bless it to your soul, and give me wisdom to do it aright!

"First of all. Never neglect private prayer; for it is as impossible for the soul to live without this, as it is for the body to live without natural food. You must be careful to redeem every opportunity for this; you will find satan striving to hinder you, but do not listen to him. Break through every difficulty, and be often on your knees imploring the blessing and protection of your God. Remember the words of the Evangelist, 'Pray always, and faint not;' and those of the Apostle, 'Pray without ceasing, rejoice evermore, and in every thing give thanks.'

"Secondly. Be sure to read your Bible constantly, and pray that God may give you wisdom to understand it; and the more you read it, the more will you see its beauty. Remember, my

dear, it is to be rule of your life; study it then carefully, and transcribe the sacred maxims into all your conduct: it will strengthen your faith, confirm your hope, and increase your love. Remember, God says, 'They that seek me early shall find me.' He will never deny his own word: believe him, and you shall experience more happiness than you can at present conceive; for he has promised to be your Father and your Friend.

"These are the two grand rules I would lay down for you, and, by attending to them, I have no doubt they will regulate your temper and conduct in all things. Be careful to oblige every body; but do not conform to the wishes of those around you in any thing that would lead you from God. Be diligent in your studies, redeem all the time you can for improvement, be exceedingly careful of a light and trifling spirit, and when you feel yourself in danger, or overcome by it, fly to Christ in prayer, and beg of him to deliver you. Be not grieved, should your school-fellows call you dull or grave; but bear with them in the spirit of meekness and love. I do not mean that you should be mopish, or unhappy; but cheerful, as the grace of God will enable you to be at all times, if you are faithful. Beware of a spirit of anger, or pride; never seek to revenge an injury, but forgive every one as God for Christ's

sake has forgiven you. Think not highly of yourself, seeing you are insufficient of yourself to do or to think any thing that is good; but all your sufficiency is of God.

"Accept, my dear, these few hints from a friend who loves you tenderly, and is much concerned for your welfare; examine them with the Bible, and, as far as they are consistent with it, follow them conscientiously. You are sensible that your present and eternal peace are both derived from a sense of the favour of God. O, then, be careful to maintain this most invaluable blessing! You have amazing reason to be thankful for being brought so early into the path of life; do not, then, depart from it, (though it should sometimes appear thorny and rugged,) to gather the false roses that strew the broad road of folly: for the end of the first will be a crown and a kingdom for ever; while the other will lead to the regions of eternal despair."

* * * * *

"Let us be steadfastly determined to lay aside every thing that is evil, and cleave to what we know is the will of God, that we may attain all the salvation that our Redeemer died to purchase for us; that we may have the mind in us that was in him. Let us pray, that in our life and conversation we may show forth all the graces

of the Christian spirit; that we may be humble, teachable, and mild; not given to peevishness or anger, to malice or revenge; but that the pure love of God dwelling in our hearts may regulate all the passions of our souls, and the whole of our outward deportment; and while we thus walk, who can tell the consolation we shall experience? He will cause our peace to flow as a river, he will guide us continually, and satisfy our souls with good."

* * * * *

"WHAT a glorious privilege is this to which we are called,—to receive all the mind that was in Christ; to walk as he walked, in all holiness, meekness, and humility; and to show forth, by our outward conduct and conversation, the happiness and salvation we experience within! Let us arise and call upon the Lord, who is the giver of every good and perfect gift, that he would enlarge our understandings, that we may know for what to ask at his hands; that he will open our eyes, will teach us by his word and Spirit, and will cause his light to shine into our minds, so that when we read the Scriptures we may discern their spiritual meaning, and gather strength and consolation from them. But to obtain this, we must not read formally, and as a task; but in the spirit of prayer, with our hearts lifted up to our Divine Teacher,

entreating him to instruct his poor sinful disciples, who are waiting at his feet to be taught the sacred lessons of wisdom and truth; and He that hath promised to give liberally to those who ask will fulfil his word, and refresh us with showers of blessings, so that we shall grow as trees planted by rivers of water, and bring forth fruit to the glory of Him who hath planted and continues to nourish us with the dew of his heavenly grace."

Frequently as the revolving year brought round the anniversary of her wedding-day, her pious and affectionate heart poured forth a song of grateful praise for her numerous mercies. She addressed the following lines to her beloved husband on its ninth return :—

FEBRUARY 7TH, 1802.

WHILE some are doom'd to bear the load of life
In single solitude, without the aid,
The cheering aid of Friendship's social power,
Like lonely trees upon a blasted heath,
Exposed to all the beatings of the storm ;—
While others, stung by disappointment, feel
The bands design'd for comfort, peace, and love,
To be the cords of bondage to their souls ;—
Say, my loved friend, what happiness is ours,

That we can greet this morning with a song,
A song of praise, to that all-gracious Power,
Who, in the counsels of his matchless love,
First form'd our union, and then kindly join'd
Our hearts and hands by his own sacred ties!
Obtaining strength by him as years increased,
More and more firmly have our souls been bound;
And spared by grace, this ninth revolving morn
Finds us more join'd in cordial, constant love,
Than when we first before the altar bow'd.

Hail, welcome morn! thy glad approach we greet,
And bless thee as the happiest of our lives.
Still may thy sun rise cloudless; and the years
That yet may roll their courses o'er our heads,
Increase, mature, and sanctify our love.
While, as we travel o'er life's varied path,
Upheld by mutual tenderness, we rise
Above the storms that sometimes cross the way,
And, by participation sweet, receive
A richer pleasure from its brightest scenes;
While humble gratitude, with careful eyes,
Noting the boundless gifts of Love Divine,
Leads us together to the mount of praise,
To adore the Author of our numerous joys."

In 1804, she thus wrote to a brother at Oxford, who was preparing for the ministry:—

"I AM very glad to hear that my dear brother's mind seems so fully to fall in with the course of life he has chosen, and that he finds in his studies a union of two great principles,—duty and pleasure: these are powerful stimulants to action, and I hope their operation upon him will be such as to rouse him to the pursuit of every thing that is great and good.

"A Christian minister, while it is a character to which every good man might wish to attain on account of its dignity, is at the same time one that is most deeply responsible. To be such a watchman over the flock of Christ, as to be successful in bringing back the wandering sheep to the fold of the chief Shepherd, who has purchased them with his blood, is an office of no small consideration; and I have no doubt that you, as a candidate for this Divine profession, will feel it necessary to add, to the preparation of study, the more important preparation of piety, one great branch of which is prayer. To be permitted to hold communion with the Father of spirits, is the highest privilege of a rational nature, and to so frail a creature as man it is a blessing of inestimable value. 'If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God,' is the word of the Father of lights, 'with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.' An habitual conformity to this precept

ensures the grant of the request; and who shall say how wise he may be made who is the immediate disciple of the God of the truth?"

* * * * *

"A LITTLE recreation is a necessary relief from the labour of the study; and, in a well-regulated intercourse with the world, an observing mind will learn many lessons which his book would teach him in vain. I have ever considered select well-chosen society as the greatest blessing in life; the wisest may improve each other, and the best may be made yet better, by the advice and assistance of those who, like themselves, are sensible of their true nature and high destination.

"I am happy to hear that Oxford agrees so well with you; but beware lest an excessive love of study should make you forget or neglect those precautions which are necessary to obtain and preserve a state of sound bodily health. This appears to me to be a point to which every young man who wishes to be either wise or useful should be very attentive; for though by omitting the necessary proportions of exercise or sleep a few hours may, for the present, appear to be gained, yet, if the strength of body or mind be impaired, it will impede the progress of knowledge, and sow the seeds of infirmity and pain."

* * * * *

"I HAVE just finished reading 'Middleton's Life of Cicero.' The character is a great one; and the period of time which it embraces, one of the most interesting in history. How I feel for those great lights of the Heathen world, that they were not blessed with that revelation which would have removed the doubts that disturbed their minds upon those most important of all subjects,—the knowledge of the nature of God, and the nature and end of man! How thankful should we be that 'life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel!' and that Christianity furnishes those noble principles of action, which as the Heathen world did not know, they could not of consequence make them the foundation of their conduct! Cicero was one of the first characters of antiquity, and may be said to have died a martyr to his country; but compare him with St. Paul, and we shall see the vast superiority in motive, in conduct, in end, which Christianity furnishes, to all that can possibly be derived from the religion of nature, and the light of reason, which is so exalted by the deists of the present day; but which was felt by the sages of old to be insufficient for their necessities."

Thus did this excellent sister seek the temporal and spiritual welfare of a most interesting brother; but though the Lord doubtless accepted

the intention of self-dedication to his service, yet he saw fit to frustrate its execution. In 1807 he was attacked by consumption; and Mrs. Bulmer was soon at his dying couch, soothing his sufferings, and administering Christian consolation to his soul. An extract, taken from the commencement of a memorial which she afterwards wrote of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, as exhibited in his life and death, is here given :—

"If by every dispensation of his providence the all-wise and almighty Author of our being intends to teach us some useful and necessary lesson, how important must be that instruction when he calls us to attend upon the bed of death! to see the shadows of the evening close upon every earthly prospect; and not one ray of light to chase the darkness that succeeds, except what breaks from the eternal world! In such a situation, how earnestly does the mind turn to that only quarter whence she perceives the possibility of aid; and 'lets go her hold on earth, to catch at any reed of hope in heaven!' Even the infidel would gladly exchange his impious and vain reasonings, for the slightest prospect of immortal happiness; the careless and unthinking desire to acquaint themselves with God, that they may have peace in that hour of trial; and the Christian, who has long

made the Lord his refuge, and the Most High his habitation, triumphs in the strength of that foundation upon which his hopes are placed; which even the windy storm and tempest, that dislodge the immortal spirit from its earthy tabernacle, are neither able to overthrow nor to confound."

In 1809, she attended the death-bed of her pious and venerable father, and assisted to sustain his fainting frame, and to join with him in that ascription of praise, "To Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to Him be glory and dominion, for ever and ever!"

In 1813, she addressed the following note to a brother and sister, enclosing these lines on the death of their two infant children :—

"My DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER,

THE ideas expressed in the enclosed lines were suggested to my mind by frequent reflection on the death of your dear children. I almost fear, that, by now sending them to you, I am retouching some of those strings which have already vibrated so sensibly to the tones of sorrow; but when the agony occasioned by the first agitation of the spirits has subsided, there is a sort of melancholy plea-

sure in the recollection of such subjects as these: the remembrance tends to keep us still united in spirit to 'those whom we have known, and loved, and lost below.' Under these considerations, I shall not apologize for offering them to your perusal, but beg they may be accepted as a small token of friendly sympathy and affection."

JEHOVAH, THE GOD OF THE SPIRITS OF ALL FLESH.

FATHER, thy gracious hand we own,
And bow submissive to thy rod:
That must be wise which thou hast done:
It must be kind, for thou art God!

The God from whom our spirits came,
The Builder of this house of clay;
JEHOVAH is thine awful name,
And life and death thy word obey.

Thy love to each his place assigns,
His time, his portion, here below;
Thy wisdom in his lot combines
The varied scenes of joy or woe.

Though life to darken'd minds appears
A desert rude, a trackless waste;
A land of sorrows, griefs, and fears,
Where Chaos wild his throne has placed:

Not so the Christian's eye surveys
The various ills that round him rise ;
For, leading through the doubtful maze,
He marks a passage to the skies.

He knows from God his spirit came,
And upwards to his Source aspires,
A spark of heaven's ethereal flame,
To burn and shine when life expires.

Call'd forth to life at thy command,
Whose eye at once all being views ;
Bade in the appointed lot to stand,
Which best shall to the end conduce :

Though pain and grief to man allied,
With him their certain kindred claim ;
Though, flesh and spirit to divide,
Death take his sure and steadfast aim ;

Yet shall not grief the soul invade,
Or pale disease the flesh confine ;
Nor death within his awful shade
Unnoticed hide a child of thine !

No ; not the monster's utmost power
Can crush an infant's feeble frame ;
Or harshly break the beauteous flower,
Just bursting to the solar beam.

Their breath resumed at thy command,
To thee their angel-spirits rise;
The plants that could not here expand
Shall bloom immortal in the skies.

Nor should the boon of life, assign'd
For purposes so vast and high,
Have been to such a space confined,
That ere they fully live, they die;

Had not He known whose name is LOVE,
When gathering clouds the skies deform,
His plants, unless safe housed above,
Would fall before the wintry storm.

Still flows the sad, the tender tear:
Yes, though the Christian meekly bends,
From parents o'er their children's bier
The unforbidden grief descends;

Yet holy hope, with sacred joy,
Anticipates that hour to come,
When cherub-children shall convey
Their spirits to their heavenly home.

Yes; when fulfill'd the wider sphere,
Assign'd them by thy sovereign grace,
They too shall in thy house appear,
And bow before their Father's face.

There, bending at thine awful feet,
Their long-lost little ones receive;
Nor those alone, but gladly greet
Whom now thy mercy spares to live.

Bound in the lot of endless bliss,
With joy may they their charge resign,
Their triumph in that day be this,—
"O Lord, our children all are thine!"

For several years she had been a contributor, both in prose and verse, to the Wesleyan and Youth's Magazines. She now began her series of Scripture History; the first part appeared in the Youth's Magazine, the last, in the Youth's Instructer. Although published in miscellanies, ostensibly intended for the instruction and entertainment of youth, yet this series, from its historical, geographical, and religious information, well deserves the perusal of those more advanced in life: she thus sought to appropriate to public usefulness the knowledge she had herself acquired, and she was peculiarly anxious that the first impressions of the young should be on the side of piety and virtue; that they might see the beauty, as well as the infinite value, of religion; and feel that wisdom's ways were both pleasant and profitable.

From the commencement of her Christian course

in childhood to the close of life, the same uniform decision of character marked her conduct: it entered into the various minute engagements of domestic privacy, and it was manifested in those which met the public eye. She never vacillated in principle, or faltered in practice. She chose God for her portion; she loved his ways, his people, and his ordinances; and she looked for an eternal home above.

Imperative necessity alone prevented her early and regular attendance on public worship; and her devotion was habitually reverential. Although from her early youth she was connected with, and sincerely attached to, the Wesleyan Methodists; yet she dearly loved the Liturgy and formularies of our venerable ecclesiastical Establishment, and could not tolerate their being either altered or curtailed. She studied with close attention the works of our best divines, and her writings prove how deeply she imbibed their spirit.

Her sincere love of knowledge led her steadily forward in the pursuit of truth; she sought to trace the Divine power, wisdom, and goodness, in the starry heavens, in the wonderful adaptations of the human system, in the aspirations of the governing, reasoning, immaterial mind in the animalcule that eludes the unassisted sight, and in the various productions of the vegetable world. She reviewed the providential dispensations of God

in past ages, and marked in them the fulfilment of prophecy; and, in contemplating the present and the future, looked for its final accomplishment. But the subject dearest to her heart was the love of God to man, as exhibited in that Saviour who gave himself "to be a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction, for the sins of the whole world;" to restore poor fallen human nature, not only to the favour, but also to the image, of God.

Her piety was both rational and scriptural: she applied her understanding to investigate the proofs of a Divine Revelation; and, being firmly convinced of its truth, she unhesitatingly, humbly, and thankfully received the blessing; and yielded the affections of her heart, and the energies of her mind, to its paramount obligations. Blessed with an uncommon memory, what she heard or read she could easily treasure up and appropriate to her own use. Her correct judgment quickly discriminated between truth and error, and enabled her to draw aside the specious veil with which utilitarianism and heretical sophistry sought to conceal their moral and religious deformity. Her philosophic mind ascended from effects to causes, and from apparent motives to their principles.

When in the company of strangers, her natural modesty sometimes wore the appearance of reserve; but she was anxious both to give and to receive

information; and when drawn forth into conversation, she would bring out of her mental storehouse "things new and old;" her correct and perspicuous language proving how well she understood the subjects upon which she conversed.

The following extracts from letters, addressed to a dear friend who was labouring under severe illness, may show with how much piety, wisdom, and affection, she administered consolation:—

"1815.

"I AM truly sorry, my dear friend, to hear of your continued indisposition; but I doubt not you will make frequent application to the throne of grace, that that wise and gracious Father from whose hand this affliction comes may fully teach you its intended use. How unspeakably happy is the assurance which every Christian possesses, that his affairs are under such direction! The bitterest cup of sorrow is sweetened by the reflection, that it is a medicine administered for the purpose of restoring health; the health not merely of the perishable body, but of the incorruptible, immortal soul: and if, in order to our being made partakers of the image and glory of our Divine Master, it is expedient that we be also sharers in his sufferings, let us not be discouraged; but, looking up to him, in firm reliance on the truth of that

blessed promise, "I will be with him in trouble," let us expect all that consolation which is essential to a state of peculiar trial; and which, as the purchase of the Redeemer's passion, shall be infallibly imparted to the humble, the resigned, the patient, and loving heart. To the eye of the believer in Jesus, every object presents a new appearance: like his Divine Master, he has meat to eat that the world knows not of; and, in the strength derived from that immortal food, he vigorously pursues his way, through all the cares and fears, the sorrows and even agonies, that assail him in his passage through this wilderness, till, like Elijah, he arrives at the mountain of God: nor is the manifestation of Jehovah's presence, as in the Prophet's case, delayed till that period; but from the darkest gloom appears the beaming of his glory; and amidst the loudest howlings of the tempest, are heard the cheering whispers of Almighty Love, which, breathing comfort in these delightful accents, declare it is the wind and storm fulfilling his word."

* * * * *

"I AM much concerned to hear so unfavourable an account of your health, and truly sympathize with you in the trials and depressions you are called to bear. May that God who hears and

answers prayer cause those seeds which he now permits you to sow in sorrow, to spring up into an abundant harvest of exceeding and eternal joy! How inexpressibly great, my friend, is the consolation to be derived from knowing that we are the Lord's! Having this point clearly ascertained, how humbly, and yet how confidently, may we say with the Apostle, 'All is ours,' whether health or sickness, life or death, things present or things to come! That love which is pledged to us in Christ Jesus, that wisdom which is in constant operation to accomplish the true end of our existence, and that power to which all means and instruments are subject;—all these Divine perfections are constantly working for the Christian's benefit, and, by and by, the skill and kindness of the great Physician will appear in the effects produced. Here, then, you may firmly rest, and claim your interest in that blessed promise, 'All things shall work together for good to them that love God;' and the trials you now suffer, though for the present they are not joyous, but grievous, shall afterwards yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness, and promote your everlasting good.

"But, in addition to the wise intention of our heavenly Father as it respects the final issue of the sufferings of his children, there are other sources of support and consolation, in the promises

so largely made to the afflicted, and in the sympathy of the Redeemer with their sorrows, which he manifests by pouring frequently upon the bleeding heart the balm of peace and joy. He comforts them in all their tribulations, and they have his assurance that he will not suffer them to be tried above what he will enable them to bear. With this part of a believer's portion, I was newly struck last week in our family devotions. We read Psalm cxxxviii: it appeared more beautiful than ever, and the last clause seemed to contain all the encouragement that a child of God could desire, even under the most trying circumstances. May He who has promised to revive those who walk in the midst of trouble be with you, to comfort and support you under all those afflictions with which his love sees fit to visit you! May He stretch forth his hand against the power of all your enemies, and give you so believingly to rest in his protection, that under every dispensation you may say, with full and humble confidence, 'Thy right hand shall save me!'

"But there is another view in which a Christian should regard the exercises that befall him as he travels forward in the path of life: much of the blindness, and corruption, and infirmity of fallen human nature cleaves to us, even after we begin to walk with God; and not one of those sorrows

which excite our anguish in this vale of tears, but is designed as a corrective to some evil, or as a guard against some danger, to which we stand exposed. In many a lesson, highly necessary to our present and eternal happiness, does our heavenly Father thus instructs us; and the design of his chastisements is the same to us as to his ancient people: 'To humble thee, to prove thee, and to shew thee what is in thine heart:' He who has made you his disciple is teaching you to know and love him, and graciously preparing you for higher glory, and a more brilliant crown."

She thus addresses the same dear friend, in the prospect of restoration to health:—

"1816.

"We are thankful to hear that your health continues to improve, after the long season of affliction you have passed through. A cessation from the pain and weariness of sickness must be attended with sensations of peculiar pleasure; not to the reviving body merely, but also to its sympathizing partner,—the immortal mind; which, though so different in its essence, is yet materially affected by the changes that take place in the corruptible and earthly part. To the Christian all these variations tend to one interesting and

important point. In their turns, they exercise and strengthen all those different graces which the Holy Spirit plants and cherishes in the regenerated heart; and thus, beneath his fostering influence, they conduce to the perfection of that character which, when renewed in perfect holiness, is destined to exist for ever in the cloudless beams of purity and joy. In the hour of trial,—patience, resignation, faith, and hope stand forth, and proffer their assistance to the pious mind; that these are the angelic ministers of consolation, you have by experience fully proved. Your confidence in the almighty arm of Heavenly Goodness has been strengthened while resting on it. In the time of suffering, you have found it fully adequate for your support. When encompassed by the surges of affliction, to be assured that the tempestuous billows shall not overflow our souls because Jesus sitteth above the water-floods, and reigneth a King for ever; and to have, in confirmation of this invaluable truth, the evidence of deep and heart-felt experience, as well as the concurring testimony of Scripture, is a blessing upon which we cannot place sufficient value, although called to the enjoyment of it through a troubled path beset with tears and fears. These deep and solemn, yet most interesting and delightful, views of the grand tendency of the whole scheme of

providential dispensations, combining with the mysterious system of redemption, to accomplish the complete and ultimate salvation of the soul, have in your late affliction frequently revived your drooping spirits. The blessings of returning health are now inviting you to exercise the more congenial graces of gratitude, and praise, and joy, and love. It is, doubtless, far more in unison with natural feeling to raise the song of triumph for deliverance, than to bear the strokes of chastisement, and meekly kiss the rod: yet the fruits of righteousness can in no season be brought forth without the quickening influences of the Holy Spirit; and it is the consolation of the Christian, that in every season he may remain united to the living Vine. Neither winter nor summer, neither life nor death, can separate him, while his heart adheres in firm affection to the root whence all his nourishment proceeds. How close, how deep, how blessed, is that intercourse which it is our privilege to hold with God! I have thought lately of the intimacy enjoyed by Abraham and by Moses; and have been struck by those kind words of our Divine Redeemer, 'Henceforth I call you not servants, but friends.' I long to enjoy more of that fellowship implied in this interesting title; and, in order to obtain it, pray daily for greater grace to fulfil the precepts to which the blessing is attached.

"I am truly thankful for the consolations afforded to you in the time of deep affliction, and would now advise you to follow the example of the great Apostle when he came a prisoner to the coasts of Rome; having escaped in safety from the perils of the sea, and met the greetings of his Christian friends, though many dangers still awaited him, he 'thanked God, and took courage.'"

One of her last addressess to Mr. Bulmer, on the anniversary of their marriage, exhibits the improvement of her taste, and shows how deeply her muse had drunk at that purest fountain of poetic inspiration,—the Holy Scriptures:—

How swift the feather'd feet of time
  Their soft and silent course pursue!
Not swifter flies the bird sublime,
  Not softer falls the pearly dew:
With outstretch'd wing, the eagle soars
  To her impervious nest on high:
Time seeks with fleeter steps thy shores,
  Thy unknown shores, Eternity.

Yet not the orient dew of heaven,
  Whose drops so sweetly, softly fall,
Have richer stores to nature given,
  Or more refresh'd this earthly ball:

Not more the gems that strew the ground,
And sparkle in each leaf and flower,
Than are the blessings which have crown'd
The silent flight of every hour.

And many an hour, and many a day,
Have pass'd with silent flight along,
Since, crossing in our early way,
When life and all its scenes were young,
Our cheerful hearts the plighted faith
To God and to each other gave,
To travel in one common path,
And seek one home beyond the grave.

Since that fair morn, our path has laid
Through many a sweet and varying scene,
Through walks of sunshine and of shade,
Through wilder heaths and meadows green.
The smiling mead, with flow'rets graced,
Its fragrance on our spirits flung;
The sterile mountain's keener blast
Our souls to firmer vigour strung.

Oft have we heard the Voice Divine
Allure us to the world of light,
And seen the fiery column shine
To make the path of duty bright.

The Covenant Angel's powerful hand
Has led us all our journey through,
With manna strew'd the barren sand,
And bathed the thirsty earth with dew.

That Power benign, how kind, how wise,
How good, our weakness to sustain!
How rich the gifts his hand supplies!
O! never may those gifts be vain!
Be life and all its powers employ'd
His sacred counsel to fulfil,
Without whose presence life is void,
A formless waste, or form'd to ill.

Yes; dearest friend, by Heaven assign'd,
Kind partner of my hopes and fears;
Henceforth, with energy combined,
Increasing with increase of years,
Be God our being's glorious end,
Be heaven the Christian pilgrim's rest,
The prize, the point, to which we tend,
Though earth and hell our aim contest.

Far on our way toward Canaan brought,
Here ground the pilgrim's staff awhile;
To seek the God whom Abraham sought,
To raise the sacramental pile;

By mercies boundless as the dew,
Whose precious drops so plenteous fall,
Constrain'd to consecrate anew
To Him our life, our strength, our all.

To Him, who first in union sweet,
In bonds of love, our spirits bound;
Who still preserves those bonds complete,
And pours his copious blessings round;—
To God be humblest praises given,
While Time his eagle course pursues;
A higher, holier strain in heaven
Shall consecrate a loftier Muse.

Her life had hitherto been generally calm and peaceful; the storms that had sometimes arisen had gradually subsided, and sunshine re-appeared; but the tempest now burst upon her head, laid prostrate her dearest hopes, and shook to its very foundation her own frail tenement of clay. Her excellent and much-loved husband was seized with a violent spasmodic attack: it was hoped, that, after the first paroxysms had passed away, he might have been restored to health; but it was otherwise appointed by the all-wise Disposer of events. During his protracted illness, though her heart was torn by hopeless sorrow and anguish, yet in his room she was composed and calm;

hers was not that morbid sensibility which centres in itself; but, gliding softly about the sick chamber, and watching at the dying pillow, she sought by numberless ministrations of tenderness to soothe his sorrows. They often conversed on that peace which passeth understanding, on that faith which is the substance of things hoped for, on that hope which maketh not ashamed, and on that love which is shed abroad in the heart by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit; and, when the icy hand of death was laid upon him, she heard his expiring prayer, and listened to his last sigh. But when the beloved friend of her youth, the companion of her maturer years, was laid in the quiet grave, her energies, which during his affliction had been wound up to their highest pitch, sunk exhausted through excessive exertion; and for many months it was feared she would speedily follow him whom she "had loved and lost below." In this time of deep distress God was her refuge, and her reliance on him the sustaining principle that preserved her soul in life. A poem dated on the following All-Saints' day will best express her feelings.

THE LYRE RESUMED:

OR

A REQUIEM AT THE TOMB OF A BELOVED FRIEND.

"WE bless thy holy name for all thy servants departed this life in thy faith and fear."—COMMUNION SERVICE.

SWEET evening, lovely are thy tranquil hours,
Mid summer skies, when halcyon breezes stray,
Fragrant with balmy breath of closing flowers;
When mild thou beam'st with Sol's retiring ray,
While in the empurpled west,
Sinks his bright orb to rest,
And clouds of gorgeous dyes dissolve in pensive gray.

Yet softer than those incense-breathing airs,
Whose light wings rustle through the leafy grove;
More lovely than those pale and twinkling stars
That faintly gem the deepening arch above;
More hallow'd on the mind,
By memory's power refined,
Come from yon distant world the forms of those we love.

The preceding verses were written a few days previous to the commencement of the illness of the lamented subject of the following lines:—

So, wandering far, by angel-harps beguiled,
The pensive Muse to themes unearthly stray'd;
The light of heaven, with gentlest radiance mild,
As its own peerless bow, around her play'd:
But, ah! that lambent sign,
Those soothing sounds Divine,
Presaged the gathering storm, the wreck that storm has made.

In murmurs loud the howling tempest woke,
No breeze Æolian swept the poet's lyre;
Its slender strings the gusty whirlwind broke,
All save the sparks of heaven's own hallow'd fire;
That overwhelming flood,
That drenching rain subdued,
And bade the fairy forms of Fancy's train retire.

Yet come, sweet lyre! all broken as thou art,
And let me tune thy simple chords again;
Perchance thy melodies may ease my heart,
My heart oppress'd with languishment and pain;
For soft thy numbers flow,
In plaintive tones, and slow,
And thou wast taught to breathe full many a pensive strain.

Or, lured again by minstrelsy Divine,
Within the pure, the curtain'd realms of light,
O, might thy lays with harping angels join,
And bring once more, in tenderest radiance bright,
Those hallow'd forms to view,
Which late their splendours threw
Athwart thy trembling wires, like moonbeams o'er the night!

The world and time receding far behind,
Full on my sight celestial visions stole,
Spirits of light, who, erst in flesh confined,
Held o'er my heart a tender sweet control;
A sainted parent dear,
And friends and kindred near,
Whisper'd of heavenly joys, and claim'd my yielding soul.

But, ah! while lingering, listening to the call,
No voice reveal'd, that, with that sacred band,
He, whom my heart had fondly own'd its all,
That he so soon amidst their ranks should stand,
And join with them to cry,
"O come! come up on high,
Come, and rejoin thy friends in this delightsome land."

Ah, no! I knew not that the Power Divine,
Severely kind, e'en then the word had given;
I saw not the commission'd angel's sign,
As swift he floated through ethereal heaven.
I felt not then the dart
Which since has pierced my heart,
The fatal shaft of death, through thine relentless driven.

Most loved! most loving! in the quiet grave
Thine ever rests, from torturing sorrow free;
Bright beams of glory o'er thy spirit wave,
And all is sight, and joy, and bliss, with thee.
But mine still weeps and bleeds,
Still pang to pang succeeds,
And Grief's sad springs are fed by active Memory.

Fresh o'er my mind, in every charm array'd,
Flit the fair shadows of departed joys;—
The enlivening smile that made the morning glad,
The evening cheer'd by friendship's soothing voice;
The untold tenderness,
By heaven design'd to bless
The calm, sweet peace that crown'd affection's earliest choice.

These, these are past! and other visions rise,
Visions of deep and solitary gloom;
Yet brighten'd by a glory from the skies,—
Glory, that could the sufferer's couch illume,
Chase the pale spectre Fear,
Though Pain and Death were there,
And all that train which throngs the passage to the tomb.

O Memory! soothing, torturing as thou art,
On these sad scenes thy deepest lines impress;
Nor ever, ever from my bleeding heart,
May ought their monitory stamp efface.
They point my upward way;
Why lingering should I stay,
When what I loved on earth has found in heaven a place?

The gathering mists on life's lone vale descend,
The wind breathes chill along the leafless grove,
No shepherd comes his timid charge to tend,
By strength to succour, to sustain by love.
Silent and cheerless all,
Save where the moonbeams fall,
Fitful, and pale, and weak, through struggling clouds above.

Yet far beyond, where turbid meteors swell
Their threatening piles, beneath the wintry sky,
Faith views the land where sainted spirits dwell,
Through heaven's blue arch her sweeping pinions fly,
And in the blest abode
Of those e'en now with God,
Reclaims her loved, lost friends, and joins their company.

Fair are the realms of everlasting day!
Bright is the sun that in that region shines!
Temper'd, and calm, and pure, is every ray!
No clouds obscure it, and no night confines.
O spirits of the blest!
How hallow'd is your rest;
Yours is perennial spring, a year that ne'er declines!

No glistening tears suffuse the downcast eye,
No sighs of grief the heaving bosom rend;
There anguish pours no more its piteous cry,
Nor pain, nor death, their empire there extend.
Hail, glorious heirs of light!
Soon to your mansions bright,
Redeem'd from earth and sin, I too would fain ascend.

Yet say, from realms of empyrean bliss,
Where heaven's own joys in full profusion flow,
Stoop ye not sometimes down to visit this,
This frail, this fleeting, failing world of woe?
Stand ye not sometimes nigh,
To catch the rising sigh,
Still struggling in the breasts of suffering friends below?

No mortal coil confines your vigorous powers,
Nature's firm barriers to your impulse yield,
O'er height, o'er depth, the unprison'd spirit towers,
Sweeps earth's low boundaries and heaven's argent field.
And wilt thou come to me?
And, by thy ministry,
Compose my fluttering heart, my steps from danger shield?

Yes! though the veil of flesh awhile divide
Thy form of glory from my tearful eye;
I will rejoice to think thee still my guide,
Nor feel my solitude when thou art nigh;
The voice I loved to hear
Shall still my sorrows cheer,
And grief its sighs suspend in such society.

And wilt thou not, replete with heavenly joy,
To me reveal the secret of thy bliss?
Teach me the thoughts that angel-minds employ,
The language of celestial ecstasies,
Till, fill'd with light Divine,
My spirit too shall shine,
And wing, with thine, its way to realms of purest peace?

Hark! what a sound, a swell of bliss was there!
What raptured tones of reverential love!
Heard ye not floating, on the ambient air,
The echoing triumphs of the bless'd above?
O, hear ye not that cry,
That shout of victory,
As towards the sapphire throne their shining spirits move?

Not warriors crown'd with spoils, or flush'd with fame,
So rich a triumph ever raised below.
Not reapers, when from harvest fields they came,
Exulting, with such transports learn'd to glow,
As fire that hallow'd throng,
While loud they raise the song
To Him who tried their faith, and brought them conquerors through.

Hail! holy, happy, all victorious band!
How have ye pass'd the furnace unconsumed?
How bright ye shine as stars in his right hand,
Whose blood redeem'd you, and whose light illumed!
True, ye have tasted death;
But he too slept beneath,
And sanctified the grave, wherein ye lie entomb'd.

Jesus! atoning Lamb! triumphant Lord!
Fountain of life to saints above, below!
Thy saving name these ransom'd hosts record,
Thy saving name thy suffering servants know,
Who still with thee sustain
The cross of grief and pain,
Till thou shalt bid them rise, and share thy victory too.

Yes! join'd in Thee, the cheering, quickening Soul,
The Sun in whom the rays of glory meet,
The Church is one! one pure, one beauteous whole!
And soon, assembled round thy shining seat,
One mighty sound shall swell,
One song of triumph tell,
The mystery fulfill'd! the family complete!

About this time she received the following letter from her much-respected friend, Dr. Adam Clarke:—

"DEAR MRS. BULMER,

"I AM truly sorry that we could not prevail with you to accompany us to Milbrook. The journey would have done you good; and to have had you under our roof, would have done us good; for to have ministered to you in your affliction, to have sympathized with you, and thus borne a part of your sorrows, would have given us still more forcibly to know what Mr. Montgomery calls 'the joy of grief.' But all will be well. You are in the hands of Him who rejoices over you to do you good; who numbers your hairs, and bottles your tears, and will cause your present affliction to work for your good. Remember, my dear friend, that it is never a duty to grieve—except for our own sins, the sins of others, the distresses of friends, and the afflictions of the church. In the present case, none of these are concerned; your husband is numbered with the blessed: he is escaped from the lottery of life: God graciously prepared him for his kingdom, and then took him to his throne. Could your utmost love for your husband wish him a better lot? And have you not cause, cause indescribable, to rejoice on his account? God took him, because he had a better portion for

him than earth could afford; and, as he has been your husband's all-sufficient Good, so will he be yours. Once your God stood to you in the relation of Father. Now he is Father and Friend, and your Maker is your Husband. While your loss has been gain to your late husband, it is also become gain to yourself, in giving you the Supreme Good in a new relation. Do not, therefore, grieve him by grieving:—you cannot but feel, and surely you cannot but rejoice. Be persuaded that God loves you, and make a proper use of his mercy. Come confidently to his throne, that you may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need. He is faithful who has promised."

After Mr. Bulmer's death, she resided with her aged and honoured mother. The lenient hand of time applied a balm to her wounded spirit. She visited her friends in the country. She was urged to resume her literary engagements, and requested to give her opinion upon different subjects. The following extracts are taken from her letters:—

"Dec. 1822.

"Be pleased to accept my thanks for Bishop Jebb's excellent and interesting sermon, the perusal of which has afforded me both profit and pleasure.

"I greatly admire not only the eloquent and

affectionate tribute of commendation to the memory of the late venerable archbishop of Cashel,* but also the sentiments contained in the elucidation of the text by which the eulogium is introduced. To be 'a man of thoughtfulness, a man of reading, a man of prayer,' I have long believed to be essentially characteristic of every minister of Christ who wishes to make full proof of his Divine appointment to a work so holy, so honourable, so important, as that of recovering sinners to God. I also fully concur with the distinguished preacher in the sentiment, that every private Christian who habituates his moral and intellectual powers to the same salutary discipline, will make a proportionable progress in wisdom, holiness, and peace. The beauties and excellences of truth are not often unveiled to superficial observers in any department of human science; how much less in that which is Divine! The mystery of godliness is great; and the more attentively it is studied, the more strikingly will be displayed, not only the wisdom which contrived it, but also its moral power to rectify and renew the heart. If truth itself possess a sanctifying influence, how important must be that contemplation of it, in all its Divine proportions, which shall transform the human spirit into the resemblance of Him from whom it emanates, and

* Archbishop Broderick.

who is indeed himself essential wisdom, as he is essential love!

"But are the modern habits of the Christian public in accordance with those high attainments, either intellectual or religious, which these views imply? 'To work much, and to work well,' is a combination which involves no small difficulty. And, perhaps, here lies the danger, in these days of eminent and laudable exertion in the field of philanthropic labour which the world presents.

"Without the smallest abatement of the just affection entertained for the religious body with which we are connected, perhaps candour requires the concession, that the national church affords the greatest facilities for the formation of such characters as Bishop Jebb describes, and that among her children she numbers, not only a large proportion of the ablest defenders of Divine truth, but also of the most illustrious examples of Christian piety. Her institutions are peculiarly favourable to such results. The learned retirement of her universities; the simple, venerable, pious spirit of her Liturgy; and the pastoral administration of the functions of her Clergy, when animated by the inspiration of their primitive appointment; afford peculiar opportunities for the elicitation of such works and characters as those referred to in the present eloquent discourse."

"JAN. 1823.

"I CANNOT but greatly rejoice that I possess so tender and so strong an interest in the hallowed society of heavenly friends, whom I delight to consider as forming a part of the 'great cloud of witnesses,' who, with the most intense solicitude and sympathy, look down upon our progress in that race in which the prize of victory is eternal life. While regarding these with a daily increasing love and veneration, I think I feel also increasingly thankful for the friends who are yet spared to me on earth. Christian sympathy is a balm to the wounded spirit; and mine still often, very often, bleeds from the painful stroke it has recently suffered; and its frail companion partakes of its afflictions. But I am not left without consolation and support. The balm is administered by the same hand whose skill and tenderness inflicted the wound; and he will, at the fittest season, bring health and cure to the mind, and to the body; or, when his holy will shall be accomplished, remove both to rest eternally with himself.

"Mr. Scott's Life I return with many thanks. The perusal of it has proved a source of much instruction and pleasure. Indeed, next to the oracles of God, and such works as are connected with their immediate illustration, I know of no

class of publications so interesting to me as Christian biography, provided the charge be executed by a skilful hand. The human mind, next to the Divine, is the most important object of investigation and research; I love to analyze its operations; to trace it in the exercise of its amazing faculties and powers. With this view, the progress of an individual, (especially if he be of no ordinary cast of character,) in the search after, and in the attainment of, truth, is to me a truly valuable study.

"Mr. Scott was such a character. His mind, firm and somewhat rugged in its texture, exhibits an example the most edifying of the power of truth upon the human faculties, when not resisted by the moral influence of a heart in love with error, because it is in love with sin. Like the great apostle, he seems to have possessed, even when in a state of mental blindness, an integrity of character, a principle of sterling honesty, that seemed to intimate a readiness to do the will of God, when once that will was fully understood. Such a disposition comes within the scope of the Redeemer's promise; and the necessary teaching, therefore, was vouchsafed. By him, as well as by St. Paul, the light was followed by obedience, and the opposer of the truth at length became its zealous advocate, and one of its most able and determined

friends. That he was, however, fitted for a service so distinguished in the army of Emmanuel, must be traced to his most diligent, attentive, and laborious study of the Holy Scriptures. In this he was a pattern to all Christians, especially to ministers, to whom I am persuaded it would be most advantageous to imitate him in that close, that exclusive, attention to the study of the subjects intimately connected with their profession. Theology, in its deep and important mysteries, was, it seems, the sole object of his investigations for many years. What wonder, then, that he was a profound divine, a scribe instructed in the will of God, and versed in the varieties and intricacies of the human character?

"From the Bible studied in retirement, from prayer and meditation in his closet, he appears to have imbibed those sentiments which mark him as a man of quite another spirit from those who draw their rules of conduct from the maxims of this world. His views of domestic economy, and upon the subject of education, especially the education of the families of ministers, struck me as deserving very serious attention; as well as his habitual and implicit reliance, in all circumstances, on Divine Providence; his Christian resignation on the death of friends; and his influential sense of the supreme, the overwhelming importance of the things

connected with futurity. He strongly reminded me of one of Mr. Wesley's concise descriptions of a Christian, 'A man who lives and walks in eternity.' I was also, on this point, forcibly struck with his resemblance to our late venerable friend, Joseph Benson, than whom I was never personally acquainted with any man who seemed more practically to conform himself to the spirit and precepts of the New Testament in his judgment and conduct, when estimating the comparative importance between the things present and the things to come.

"Through the varied scenes of a most diligent, laborious, and useful life, it is impossible not to follow the venerable subject of the memoir, with the deepest interest, to the chamber of affliction and the couch of death. The scene there exhibited was indeed affectingly sublime, and proves the excellency and the glory of that Gospel by which 'life and immortality are brought to light.' The clouds which rolled at intervals around the dying pillow of the veteran servant of Jehovah, involve him in a melancholy yet majestic darkness, which cannot but be contemplated with affecting awe. His faith was indeed tried,—no doubt for wise reasons, though to us inscrutable, yet infinitely just and kind.

"The peculiar character of Mr. Scott's mind ap-

pears to have been strength and soundness of judgment: not gifted with the rich vein of sentiment that runs through the writings of Mr. Wesley, nor the chastened and hallowed imagination of Mr. Fletcher, he addresses himself by pure intelligence to the understanding, and speaks through that to the heart. His rule for the literal interpretation of Scripture is sound and judicious, and, I believe, the only method of ascertaining what the mind of the Spirit in the word of his own inspiration really is."

* * * * *

"FEB. 1823.

"I HAVE just finished the perusal of the manuscript you kindly sent me, and, at your request, will now give you my sentiments upon it.

"To the kind and Christian intention of the writer, who has taken so much pains to infuse a healing balsam into the cup of bitterness, I feel personally obliged, as one who has been called to participate deeply of its contents. He has brought forward many topics calculated to soothe, to sustain, to console the wounded spirit, and to lead it to a right improvement of the awfully-affecting dispensation which he has chosen as the subject of his pen. He has executed his melancholy task with tenderness and sympathy; and

should his piece be given to the world, I trust it will administer instruction and consolation to many a mourning heart.

"But, disposed as I am cordially to render to it this tribute of commendation and gratitude, I cannot, to speak ingenuously, say, that it contains all that might be wished on such an occasion. And yet it is *long* enough, much *too long*. The writer appears to have yet to learn, that, when the *heart* is almost broken, the *mind*, too, recoils beneath the stroke, and under the heavy pressure of affliction becomes incapable of vigorous or continued exertion. Condensed and pointed observations are, therefore, much more likely to effect their end, than lengthened sentimental details on the subject of distress. Indeed, from this feature, as well as some others which characterize the piece, I should judge that the author has not been personally acquainted with deep sorrow; in that case the expression of it would have been more simple and natural, savouring less of false feeling, and indicating less of undignified and ungoverned grief.

"You intimate that experience will have taught me how to form a judgment on the subject in question. With unfeigned gratitude to God, my heavenly Father, I trust I can bear testimony to the power of his sustaining grace in the dark-

est hour of affliction. He has made me acquainted not only with the heart-rending pangs of bereavement, with the destitution and desolation of a state of widowhood; but also with the richness, the sufficiency of the consolations of Divine sympathy and love. I have been instructed not only in the solemnities of death, but also in the importance of life; which I would now fain improve for the momentous interests of eternity.

"As an admirer of poetry, I will enforce my last observation upon your manuscript, by a quotation from that favourite of the Muses, James Montgomery:—

> 'Torn by self-consuming anguish,
> Can the poor heart always ache?
> No; the tortured nerve will languish,
> Or the strings of life must break.'

"By the wise and gracious appointment of Him 'who knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are but dust,' who designs his chastisements rather for amendment that for destruction, it is ordained, that the wounds of sorrow should be healed by the hand of time; that the heart should relinquish the tenacity of its hold on the beloved object as its all of earthly happiness, to recognise it in heaven as a new stimulant to persevering effort and animating hope in the all-important warfare of Christianity. This is the

philosophy both of experience and of Scripture, which always accords with the constitution of the human mind; and thus exhibits its superiority over the unnatural and exaggerated statements of imagination and romance."

Some of Mrs. Bulmer's "Songs in the Night of Affliction," are so descriptive of the subdued, hallowed, and resigned state of her feelings at this period, that I am persuaded any remark which I could make would be less graphic, and, therefore, superfluous. Indeed, while bereaved affection is endeavouring to weave a funereal garland, to be laid on the grave of departed excellence, she wishes to cull the flowers and pensile foliage that compose it, from the plants in her much-lamented friend's conservatory.

PENSIVE MUSINGS.

COMPOSED ON A JOURNEY, JULY, 1823.

NATURE, how calm thy face appears!
How smooth thy streams translucent flow!
How soft the hue thy verdure wears!
How mildly sweet thy breezes blow!

Thou breathest peace: O, might my heart
Thy tranquillizing influence feel!
But, gentle, soothing, as thou art,
Canst thou the wounded spirit heal?

From year to year the ripening grain
Luxuriant waves thy vales along,
Thy milk-white flocks adorn the plain,
Thy woodland warblers pour the song;

Thy rocks and hills, with frowning brow,
O'erhang the restless river's bed;
Thy mountain-flowers as beauteous blow
As when they first their bloom display'd.

Sweet Nature! thou by Him sustain'd
Whose plastic hand thy form impress'd,
In pristine beauty hast remain'd:
But Man, thy passing stranger-guest,

Admires thy loveliness awhile,
And then pursues his onward way;
Beholds no more thy valleys smile,
Nor climbs thy upland summits gray.

A misty veil of formless clouds
Descends upon the traveller's path,
A night of sudden darkness shrouds
Thy cheerful scenes:—that night is Death.

And Death has interposed, and hung
His sable veil before my view;
Its shade projects my path along,
And lays thy lights in shadow too.

O, yes! his hand, his icy hand,
Has laid my earthly treasure low:
And can my feebleness withstand
The keen reverberating blow?

Sad Memory fondly loves to trace
Those happy hours, too soon gone by,
When panting Wonder loved to gaze
On Nature's wildest scenery;

When Friendship shared the quickening glow
Of Admiration's kindled flame;
When Thought in converse sweet would flow,
And Pleasure, shared, Delight became.

Now, lone amidst these lofty hills,
I mournful muse on blessings flown;
A sigh my pensive bosom swells,
And Echo sad responds,—"Alone."

Yet check that thought, repress that sigh,
Thou hast a Friend whose guardian power
Protects thee here, whose watchful eye
Surveys thee in the darkest hour.

And He shall guide thy lonely way,
And He shall clear the devious path,
And He thy sinking steps shall stay,
And He shall chase the shades of death;

And in the Paradise of bliss
Thy lost society restore,
And bless thee with that perfect peace
Which Time and Death shall break no more.

The following lines were written on the anniversary of Mr. Bulmer's funeral, July 31st, 1823:—

"He thanked God, and took courage." Acts xxviii. 15.

And so escaped the briny flood,
By whom in fear an angel stood,
So pacing slow the Roman Way,
'T was meet that thou, blest Paul, should'st pay
Thy sacrifice of grateful love
To Him who succour'd from above;
Thy filial faith and hope renew,
In God the great, the good, the true.

For thou wast saved when threat'ning skies
Forbade the light of heaven to rise,
When hoarse and loud the tempest blew,
Nor helm, nor sail, the steersman knew.
For thou wast saved, when yawning waves
Presented, dread, a thousand graves;
Saved, when the fearful grasp of death
Assail'd thee in the gulf beneath.

Mine is a slow and stammering tongue,
Yet love exalts the humblest song.

I, then, as it becomes me too,
Will here my confidence renew;
I, too, will reverence, bless, adore,
That guardian Grace, that sovereign Power,
Who from the billows heard my prayer,
And bade the raging tempest spare.

O, 't was a dark, a dismal night,
Faith only track'd the distant light;
But on those clouds a glory beam'd
Than angel-plumes that brighter seem'd;
And in that storm a voice was heard,
That whispered "peace," and, when I fear'd,
It gently answer'd, "I am thine,
And seas in storm, or calm, are mine."

While struggling, too, beneath the wave,
I saw a hand stretch'd out to save;
I felt its grasp, it bore me through,
And to the strand in safety drew:
There trembling, panting, while I lay
It was my kind support and stay;
Revived the quivering spark of life,
And shielded from surrounding strife.

And now, receding from the shore,
I hear the ebbing billows roar,
The tempest-wind more gently sighs,
Its echo on the rough rock dies.

The heavens assume a milder hue,
The softened sweet ethereal blue,
In tenderest beauty beams above,
Though clouds in under-regions move.

And dimly through the parting storm
I see that bending angel-form,
Which, once a kindred spirit here,
Was wont to wipe the falling tear;
I see him in his robes of light,
Serenely soft, divinely bright,
Point to the victor's crown of stars,
And sweetly, gently, calm my fears.

'T is well; that radiant crown I see,
Its jewell'd splendours blaze for me;
But I must win the dazzling prize,
Must, with the Man of Sacrifice,
Awhile the hallow'd cross sustain,
Pursue my way through toil and pain;
Prepare my Master's will to meet,
To suffer, triumph, at his feet.

Strike then the harp, with angel choirs,
'T is faith, 't is hope, 't is love inspires.
And grateful praise the song shall swell
To Him who "doeth all things well;"

Who heard me, when the tempest swept
The stormy deep, and kindly kept,
And led me through the parting wave,—
The Lord, omnipotent to save.

What, though with future storms in view,
I still my mournful way pursue;
What, though life's solitary path
Is hedged with thorns, and closed by death?
Yet shall not terrors shake my soul;
T is His to guide, sustain, control;
And He his humblest charge shall keep,
And hear me sigh, and see me weep.

Illustrious Paul! I fain would be
A follower of thy Lord and thee.
Thou, when the ocean's rage was quell'd,
The viper's venom'd tooth repell'd;
Thou didst not yield to servile fear,
Though bound to Cæsar's bar severe;
But firmly good, and nobly great,
Didst onward press with soul elate.

And thou, that fearful trial o'er,
Redeem'd from the destroyer's power,
Didst sweetly, sacredly, record
The truth, the friendship, of thy Lord.

He, when by human aid forsook,
Did on thy bonds, thy dangers, look;
Beside thee in the conflict stood,
And slaked the lion's thirst for blood.

My spirit, wake! his Lord is thine,
Thy Saviour! and canst thou repine?
Wilt thou not joy his cross to bear,
His cup of sorrow meekly share?
Wilt thou not emulate the faith
Of saints, who, conquering sin, and death,
And pain, and sorrow, meekly proved
Triumphant through the name they loved?

On Him, the great, the good, the true,
'T is thine to rest in danger too;
Him for thy hope, thy all, to take;
His name thy rock, thy refuge, make;
With grateful love the past survey,
To Him commit thy future way,
Till, every toil and trial past,
Thy Saviour's rest thou share at last.

Some additional extracts from her letters, while visiting her friends, at this period, are subjoined.

"1823.

"HOWEVER trite and common it may be to make observations upon the rapid flight of time,

yet I am inclined to think that they become more spontaneous and heart-felt, in proportion to our advancement in the journey of life. On re-perusing your letter, and seeing that it was written nearly a month ago, I feel that it is high time it was answered; and yet it seems to be but a few days since I received it. You will think by this, that the hours do not hang heavily upon me: I am truly thankful that this is an evil of which I have seldom had reason to complain; and it is one that I trust I shall not be over-taken by in this world of probation and duty, where the occurrences and engagements of every day are some way or other momentously connected with eternity. In the society of kind and interesting friends, however, it is not much to be wondered at if the hours glide along somewhat imperceptibly; and in such society it is now my happiness to be placed. I feel thankful to God for the gracious alleviation his providence has in this respect provided for me, against the season of depression and distress.

"All our trials are intended to discipline and prepare us for a higher state of existence; and when we arrive at that world of light and perfection we shall see as we believe, that the afflictions of the moment are not to be compared with the accumulating results of glory and blessed-

ness which shall follow. It is our wisdom, in this world of shadows, to cultivate a close acquaintance with the realities beyond; there is no firmer resting-place to be found for us here, than there was for the dove which escaped from the ark when the earth was yet merged beneath the chaos of waters. How happy is it for those who know by experience that those who believe do enter into rest!"

Mrs. Bulmer's residence with her mother was but of short duration: in little more than two years after the loss of her husband, she witnessed the death of her earliest friend, this revered and honoured parent. Some of her reflections on this melancholy event are taken from a letter addressed to an absent sister, to whom she communicated the painful intelligence.

"FEB. 1825.

* * * * *

"THE Father of infinite compassion knows how to infuse a balm into the bitterest draught; and the assurance that our Saviour sympathizes with us in our deepest exercises, is a consideration that softens, sustains, and elevates the mind. We are in His hands who wounds to heal, and who chastens that we may become partakers of his holiness. Affliction, with its intents and consola-

tions, is a subject which the events and circumstances of the last few years have frequently presented to my mind. And I can say, with David, that 'it has been good for me.' You also can join in the same language; and so can all those who through much tribulation have entered into the kingdom of God.

"My dear sister, we are bound by some very interesting relations to that world of glory: and while the ties are loosening that bind us to this world of vanity, let us endeavour daily, with increased intenseness, to set our affections upon things above: let us study to become more sedulously the followers of those who, through faith and patience, inherit the promise of eternal life.

"By the time that you have read thus far you will perhaps have suspected, that I have something of a melancholy nature to communicate. And both by previous preparation of mind, as well as by the especial assistances of that sustaining grace of which I have just now spokén, I trust you will receive with Christian resignation and composure, the painful intelligence which it now devolves on me to impart to you.

"My dear sister, our blessed and beloved parent is no longer an inhabitant of this world of sorrow, sin, and fluctuation. She yesterday exchanged her sufferings for immortality. She is

delivered from the burden of the corruptible body! She has rejoined our father in Paradise! She is now associated with saints and angels! Above all, she is for ever with the Lord! We sorrow, indeed; but ours is not the sorrow of those who have no hope."

* * * * *

In this hour of trial, her old and highly-valued friend, Dr. Adam Clarke, whose intimate acquaintance she always considered a high privilege, sent her the following note, glowing with the spirit of affectionate sympathy and Christian consolation. It is truly characteristic of its inestimable author:—

"DEAR MRS. BULMER,

"I HURRIED from Eastcott on Wednesday morning, and lost no time till I reached Cross Street, hoping to be favoured with a last sight of your blessed mother; but found, on calling at your door, that she had gone to heaven the day before. I felt pained and disappointed on my own account; and yet, on a moment's reflection, I saw that my gratification would have added one day more to her suffering, and taken one from her glory. Such things are strictly true, but O, how hard is it for friendship and affection to feel and submit to their force!

"Your mother and a goodly number of her own family are before the throne, eternally safe from the possibility of feeling or fearing evil. The prayers of those that are gone before are registered for those that are left behind; several are on their way, and I trust all the others about to set off. May God bless you all! and be *with you* to the last moment of the journey of life, that you may be *with him* in all the duration of *life eternal!*"

Again alone, Mrs. Bulmer steadily proceeded with her long poem, entitled "Messiah's Kingdom;" and during the nine years in which it occupied her attention, it beguiled many of the solitary hours of widowhood. But she was not only a contemplative, she was also an active, Christian. For above thirty years she was a Class-Leader among the Wesleyan Methodists in London, and deeply felt the responsibility of the situation she filled. Those can best appreciate the value of her advice who enjoyed its advantages in those religious meetings, which, to use her own expression, "provide for the minuteness of individual instruction, and adapt themselves to that variety of experience which as distinctly marks the spiritual as it does the intellectual or material man." They will remember her admonitory caution, her kind and wise

reproof; how, with enlightened scriptural discernment, she guarded the avenues to enthusiasm, and endeavoured to incite all who met with her earnestly and perseveringly to seek after that peace and assurance of the love of God which flows from a personal, believing, and grateful acceptance of, and reliance on, that only Sacrifice and Atonement, which was once offered for the sins of a guilty, ruined world: while she also taught them that their profession was vain, unless they evinced, in the several relative duties of life, the holiness of the Scripture precepts.

Her heart was formed for friendship; and her affections, when once engaged, were engaged so strongly, that though death might burst asunder the mortal tie, it could not sever the spiritual one, which bound her to those she loved. It afforded her a solemn and soothing pleasure to meditate on the delightful change that had passed upon them; she loved to converse with them in spirit, to contemplate by faith the invisible realities of the world of glory, and to hold communion with its inhabitants. As for those friends who were still in the body, and requested her advice, they ever found her calm, wise, and circumspect; and her discriminating judgment might generally be relied upon in any emergency. She considered the bearings of circumstances with a single eye, and thus

sought to attain the best end by the best means. Kind and gentle, she was as prompt to give her personal assistance when action was necessary, as to afford prudent counsel when deliberation was requisite. She was, indeed, a friend formed for adversity: those only who in familiar intercourse have experienced her affectionate and sympathizing kindness, both in sorrow and in joy, can estimate the greatness of their loss.

The following "Thoughts on Eternity" were written by her, while travelling on a very star-light evening:—

"God created man, and made him to be the image of his own eternity.'—Wisdom ii. 23.

Pale, starry fires! how bright ye shine!
How calm through heaven's pure pathway move!
Yet, when ye fail, this soul of mine
Shall glow in brighter worlds above.

A living spark of quenchless light,
Enkindled by the eternal Sun;
My spirit, when ye sink in night,
An everlasting course shall run.

Who that unmeasured round can trace?
Who can compute eternity?
On planets, stars, and suns, I gaze;
They only speak of time to me.

Thought, by the immaterial mind,
To distant realms excursive sent,
Leaves all these glistening worlds behind,
And gains a loftier firmament;

Inquires of every throned power
Who earliest swell'd the choral hymn,
Hailing creation's primal hour,
Of seraph flames, and cherubim.

"Say ye who saw each burning star
Dart its first beams athwart the gloom,
Ye sons of light! can ye declare
Duration's infinite—TO COME?"

All heaven is hush'd! nor voice, nor lyre,
Dares to the mighty theme respond:—
Archangels, seraphs, veil'd, inquire
The wonders of the scene beyond.

He only knows! the Great! the High!
Whose own right hand his throne sustains,
Who is, who was! Eternity
His vast, profound abode, remains!

He from himself, essential Sun,
To me this spark of being gave,
His own eternal course to run,
Immortal life in Him to have.

He waked those intellectual fires
  Which shoot through mists of death and time;
He breathed those infinite desires
  Which rest but in himself sublime.

Creation rich in beauty glows,
  Heaven's spangled arch majestic rolls;
But God—a spirit only knows,
  He dwells alone in hallow'd souls.

To feel the ecstasies of bliss,—
  To taste unutterable woe,—
The high, the awful destinies
  Of spirits bless'd or cursed, to know!

This, tenant of a house of clay,
  This is the lot to thee assign'd!
And thou shalt see these fires decay,
  And leave a flaming world behind!

Shalt stretch the bright, the buoyant wing,
  To spirit's awful Fountain soar;
Drink bliss and being at their spring,
  And pant for earthly streams no more!

Eternity's unmeasured round
  From joy to joy shall bear thee on!
That depth, in which thy thoughts are drown'd,
  Shall prove thy being's bliss and crown.

But pause!—An awful charge is thine!
The balance to thy hand is given!
Say! shall the scale to death decline?
Or lift thee up to life and heaven?

She thus expresses herself upon fixing her abode in Windsor Terrace:—

"JAN. 1826.

* * * * *

"I TRUST, with the Divine presence and blessing, I shall enjoy more composure of mind than I have done for the last few agitating years. But the land of quiet is above; and whatever changes we pass through in the present state, we shall be sure of finding something to remind us that this is not our rest. I cannot express the sense I sometimes have of the emptiness of all things here. Life glides away like a dream; sometimes a troubled and restless one; but if even pleasant and soothing, still evanescent: yet the heart is, and must be, deeply interested in what is passing here. The danger and the difficulty lie in the absorbing tendency of the things of time. We must think and we must feel about them, but we must not let them take precedence of the things of eternity. Let us be very thankful that we are in any measure saved by grace, and that we know any thing of the blessedness of those

whom God himself accounts happy. I was particularly struck with this, when, under depression and exercise of mind, I lately read that passage, 'Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, and whose sin is covered.' I felt that I was not sufficiently thankful to God for his unspeakable gift. You will not wonder that I find it necessary to make an effort to look at the bright side of things. The recurrence of painful and deeply-interesting reflections sometimes acts upon my mind, in its present solitude, with a pressure I cannot easily throw off; indeed, I can only relieve myself from that and every other difficulty, by remembering and endeavouring to act upon those kind words, 'Cast all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.'"

The recurrence of the seasons of Christmas, and the New Year, produced in her mind many mingled emotions. The remembrance of those dear friends who, at these interesting periods, used to mingle in the family-circle, but were no longer seen in it, awakened the following reflections expressed in a letter to a near relative:—

"JAN. 2nd, 1827.

"THE returns of these interesting seasons are affecting, not only from the high and important character of the subject which they place imme-

distely before our view, but also because they tend to revive so many tender recollections of scenes now faded into the distant dimness of past years, but never to be recalled by any association to the heart and to the mind, without causing tears of gratitude to mingle with those which flow from the pensiveness that such retrospections cannot fail to excite. I was going to add *regret* to pensiveness, but why should I? Do the beloved relations of a traveller regret, when he has accomplished an arduous and hazardous journey, and arrived in safety at his secure and happy home? Is it a subject of regret, when the soldier returns from the field of battle, covered with the laurels and spoils of victory? No! our beloved friends who have been separated from us must not, as it regards themselves, be regretted. We are bereaved, indeed, and that bereavement we may feel; but what will be the legitimate use of our feelings? Will it not be to stimulate our diligence in following 'those who through faith and patience inherit the promises?' Will it not be, that, feeling ourselves strangers and pilgrims on earth, we shall seek to prepare for our home in heaven? I have thought often lately of the exceeding vanity, and at the same time of the incalculable importance, of life. Those words of the apostle have been frequently in my mind: 'What a man soweth,

that shall he also reap:' the seed-time is now, even the present passing hour; the thought is affecting. May even the present engagement be a seed that shall spring up in blessing to us both! Circumstanced as I now am, I could not attend our watch-night at the close of the year at the City-road chapel,—a meeting in which I formerly felt such deep interest; but the recollection of those days in silence and in solitude, I found to be no unprofitable engagement. Dr. Young says, 'T is greatly wise to talk with our past hours,' and ask them what report they bear to heaven. The report in my own case, I felt to be unspeakably humiliating, and could adopt, without any reserve, the confession of our sacramental liturgy. But, what a tissue of mercy has run through the whole thread of life! mercy through the blood of the cross; mercy in providence, and in grace; mercy in prosperity, and in adversity; in sorrow, and in joy. Nor has the last year abounded less than the former ones, in the proofs of Divine goodness: I have been taught that to rely upon the world in any form, is to rest upon a broken reed. I have great cause for thankfulness that I can so employ myself in solitude, as not to find it incompatible with improvement. I see the hand of my heavenly Father in the tastes and habits I *have long* been inclined to cultivate; and with

gratitude to Him who has conducted me hitherto I will now say, 'Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life;' and I trust 'I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.'

"You, my dear friend, have been very painfully reminded, by sickness, in the course of the past year, of the uncertain tenure by which we hold all earthly things; but I trust that you have felt, as a believer, the firmness of your foundation in Christ. What a test to our faith, and hope, and love, and patience, is the furnace of affliction! but our strength shall be according to our day, and we shall come out as gold purified in the fire, to reflect the glory of God with brighter and intenser rays. This we know is the design of the merciful Father of spirits; and it is absolutely essential to our deriving much benefit from our chastisements, that we should bear these things in remembrance, that our hope in God may be steadfast, and that while we pray to him to search and try our hearts, to show us in an especial manner his design in every visitation of his providence, we may be enabled to bear the scrutiny, to learn the necessary lesson, and to attain to a more perfect acquiescence in the Divine will. I have been thinking much of entering into

the spirit of our profession as Christians; there is much in the world, and much in our hearts, to hinder: either cares, or sorrows, or vanities may engross too much of our attention. The deceitfulness of these things blinds the mind, and we do not see how imperceptibly they press down the spirit, and prevent our enjoying the peace, and hope, and consolation which, as believers in Christ, it is our privilege permanently to retain. Well, the overflowing fountain still pours forth its perennial streams, and the gracious invitation is as fresh and as free as ever: 'Let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will let him come, and take of the water of life freely.'"

Her anxiety that her young friends should become decided Christians, and that they should choose religion as the guide and ruler of their lives, is shown in the following extract:—

"'ACKNOWLEDGE Him in all thy ways, and He shall direct thy paths,' is a precept which I hope is written on your young friend's heart, as well as in her Bible; and the fulfilment of the promise will be the invariable result of obedience to the command. What a blessing is the counsel of the Holy Word of Divine Truth to us poor pil-

grims in this world of danger and trial! From the commencement to the conclusion of our course it affords the necessary directions,—the clue to conduct us safely through the labyrinth of the wilderness. It is true, that it promises us no escape from the pricking briers and the grieving thorns: they will often be met with, even in the path of duty; but then it provides the balsam to stanch the wounds that may be made by them; it consoles the lacerated spirit under every degree of anguish which it may be called to endure. It is not only our chart to that better country, but it refreshes us by its cheering companionship on the way. So felt the Psalmist when he said, 'Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage;' and so have we felt amidst the changes and chances of this mortal life. So may we continue to feel to the end! And so may those feel who are now advancing to take their share in the activities of life, who are coming into close contact with the responsibilities of immortal beings in their probation for eternity! My desire and prayer for them is, that they may choose the better part, and choose it so decidedly that it may be the ruling principle that shall regulate their choice of other things, their connexions and situations in this transitory world! wherein the youngest among us is but an uncer-

tain sojourner, and whence, when a few more years are fled, every one of us shall assuredly be called."

Through the kindness of a friend, (a member of Mrs. Bulmer's class,) I am enabled to offer some valuable letters and extracts to the reader.

"DEC. 24th, 1827.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I AM truly sorry to hear so poor an account of your dear relatives. Under what a variety of forms are we met by the afflictions and exercises that oppress this fallen world! But in the midst of all this darkness, what an occasion for triumphant joy, 'that the day-spring from on high hath visited us!' May the light at this interesting season shine with increased splendour upon my dear friends! May it irradiate and hallow the hours of seclusion, so as to bring them more fully under the influence of its transforming glory! I am quite sure they will then have a happy Christmas, which I most cordially wish to them and theirs.

"I have sent you the lines according to your request; I am sure you will not forget that they are sacred to sorrow. Our friends are in heaven, and there I trust we shall by and by join *them.* We shall then indeed sing, 'Glory to God

in the highest!' with a rapture that even your musical sensibilities cannot now anticipate: no, nor the strain of the archangel, nor the heavenly host which accompanies him, equal in the intensity of personal interest, of individual and overwhelming gratitude."

"SEPT. 1828.

"My DEAR FRIEND,

"ALTHOUGH I have delayed, I have not forgotten my promise of writing to you. Nor have I ceased frequently to remember you with the other part of my Christian charge, when recommending my most interesting concerns, engagements, and connexions to His care and guidance who can alone effectually watch over, and direct, and sustain, and satisfy, either them or myself. To know that we are at all times the objects of His unsleeping and unexhausted regard and tenderness, is a source to me of unspeakable consolation and repose. I surrender my own defencelessness to His protection, and I leave all my charge in his hands; He, I trust, will take care of both, and permit us again to meet together to express our gratitude, and to renew our engagements both with himself, and with each other. Since I set out upon this journey, I have been laid under many additional obligations, not only to my heavenly Friend, but likewise to my

earthly ones. Christian kindness and affectionate sympathy have greeted me on every hand; and I have felt an increasingly strong persuasion, that in intercourse with the disciples of the Divine Redeemer on earth we have a delightful pledge and foretaste of the communion of saints above. The Spirit of Jesus is a Spirit of unity; and the more his children love him, the more will they love one another."

* * * * *

"Nov. 1828.

"My dear Friend,

"I feel much concerned at the intelligence conveyed to me last night by your letter. That our friend T—— should have received her summons somewhat suddenly, has not indeed surprised me; for I have for some time thought it likely to be the case. But to her who lived in the spirit of continual waiting for the Bridegroom, and was ready to enter in with him to the marriage, it cannot be a subject of regret; and to us who are allowed a little longer space for preparation, it is an impressive admonition to quicken our zeal and diligence to be found with our 'loins girt, and our lamps burning,' that we also may be prepared for the solemnization of the *final scene*, and reply with holy gladness to that

voice which says, even now to us also, 'Behold, I come quickly.' My prayer for myself and my dear friends is, that we may live more habitually under the influence of that faith which realizes things unseen, which makes eternity the object of hope, and the preparation for its awful and substantial interests the great business and pursuit of life. All else is shadow; as a dream when one awaketh; as a vapour which the sun exhales as soon as his bright beams irradiate the earth."

* * * * *

"Nine o'clock.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I CANNOT but be much interested in the letter you have transmitted me: it is almost too late to enter into the theological discussions which the questions proposed by your young correspondent seem to require; however, by referring to the oracles of God, which, you know, upon every subject are my high and undisputed authority, I think we shall be able to furnish satisfactory answers to them all. In reply to the first question, I am sure you will think it important to to inform the interesting inquirer, that the Scriptures reveal to us an intermediate state between that which we occupy at present, and that upon which we shall be called to enter after the resur-

rection at the last day. In this state the spirit, separated from the body, exists in a place called in Scripture, *Hades*, or 'invisible:' this is its general term, as the abode alike of the righteous and the wicked: but when reference is made alone to blessed souls, it is usually called 'Paradise.' That this state is immediately entered upon by the disembodied spirit, we have the testimony of our Divine Redeemer himself, who, when agonizing upon the cross in expiation of our transgressions, said to his repentant and believing fellow-sufferer, 'To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.' This one text sets this interesting question at rest with every unhesitating believer of the Divine Word. But if further evidence be necessary, it is furnished by St. Paul, in 2 Cor. v; the attentive reading of which you will feel, I am sure, disposed strongly to recommend. Your young friend will there learn, 'that to be absent,' that is, separate, 'from the body,' is not to lie in a dormant state, but 'to be present with the Lord.' The soul is an active, undying, unsleeping principle, and whether 'in the body, or out of the body,' must always be susceptible of pleasure or pain, of happiness or misery.

"As to the second question respecting our justification in the day of judgment, we have the same Divine authority as for the preceding article,—that

it shall be according to our works: read St. Matthew xxv. and many passages in St. Paul's, and the other epistles. But it is of vital importance to remember, that our justification here is by faith in the atoning blood; neither works, nor sufferings, can avail any thing; our sins must be remitted through our thankful and believing acceptance of mercy offered through the sacrifice of the cross. The faith of a Christian is a faith working by love; and that faith which worketh not is, as the body without the spirit, dead. We are, therefore, as new creatures in Christ Jesus, so to exhibit in our whole conduct the work of faith and the labour of love, that, when He shall cite us before his tribunal, we may be found among those who have not only called him Lord, but who have done those things which he commanded. That branch of the question which relates to those who are outwardly blameless, and yet possess not the faith of the Gospel, must also be decided by scriptural authority. 'He that believeth on the Son of God, hath life; but he that believeth not, shall not see life.' This is the testimony of the apostle St. John, and we dare not depart from it; but while we judge ourselves, we must abstain from judging others. Thus cursorily, and very imperfectly, I have endeavoured to notice these questions; but the hints I have thrown out will furnish you with a clue for

further investigation, and Divine truth is an exhaustless subject both of instruction and interest; only let it be pursued in a spirit of meekness and prayer, and in the lively and constant remembrance 'that God is in heaven, and man upon earth,' and that every thing connected with Deity is solemn and awful."

Of novels in general, Mrs Bulmer strongly disapproved; nor did she consider the modern form as much superior to its predecessors; the party-coloured robe of fiction, she thought, dishonoured the historic Muse. She thus expresses herself on the subject to the friend above-mentioned:—

"My dear Friend,

"In regard to the subject on which you request my opinion, I am afraid I cannot add much to what I have already expressed in conversation. But I will just add, that I cannot make the exception, in favour of modern historical novels, which their admiring readers are so anxious to establish. Whatever degree of superiority they may claim over the vulgar herd of scribblers in this fashionable branch of literature; are they not impregnated with the same spirit of fiction and falsehood, by which other novels debase the understanding, deteriorate the passions, and deprave the heart? In common with

other writings of this class, they apply a strong stimulus to the mind, and thereby excite and exhaust its energies to such a degree, as to disincline it to, and disqualify it for, those regular and serious efforts by which alone any thing worthy of the name of knowledge can be accquired, or any progress made in that mental cultivation and discipline without which there is absolutely no such thing as wisdom. Is it a healthful or diseased appetite that requires stimulants, in order to be induced to take wholesome and nutritious food? You will be at no loss to determine the question; neither will you find any difficulty in believing, that that mind must have been previously vitiated, or at least very greatly neglected, that can require to be introduced, by so false and dangerous a guide as the novelist, into the dignified and commanding presence of history.

"The lovers of fiction and falsehood must excuse me, but I cannot help entertaining the conviction, that in general their passion grounds itself upon a low grade of intellect; or, when it insinuates itself into minds of a higher order, it insensibly and effectually deteriorates them. The effects upon the passions, and upon the heart, might be easily proved; but the unhallowed profanation of the most Holy Name, and the libertine use of Scripture language, which occur in these works, should, I

think, form an insuperable barrier, in every Christian mind, against any prolonged acquaintance with them.

* * * * *

"I have perhaps written strongly: you must remember it is the love and the habit of the thing to which I refer; but let those who abhor evil flee from the very appearance of it, and follow only such things as promote holiness."

In November, 1832, Mrs. Bulmer, being confined to the house by a severe cold, addressed the following letter to a young relative who was attacked by serious illness; it was accompanied by a volume of bishop Wilson's Sermons:—

"My dear ———

"I feel truly sorry that my present indisposition has entirely deprived me of the opportunity of that intercourse with you which I might otherwise have had during your stay in London. I regret it, because I have known enough of sorrow, to know that it may be considerably relieved by sympathy; of which I would gladly have contributed my share, although I know you are surrounded by dear and kind friends, who will not only feel with and for you, but will do every thing in their power to promote your much-desired restoration to your

wonted health. You have besides, too, my dear girl, an all-powerful, ever-gracious, and ever-present Friend, 'who is touched with the feeling of your infirmity,' and who, although for wisest reasons, known only to himself, he permits you to be afflicted, yet designs that you should reap eternal benefits by every pain you feel. The ear of God is open to your prayer; ask him to teach you every lesson he desires you should learn by the present dispensation; and you will find, that 'as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.' God is your Father in Christ; endeavour to exercise confidence in him through this Divine Mediator, who loved you and gave himself for you.

"I am thankful to be assured, that I am not now commending these things to your attention, as subjects that have been hitherto unthought of; but when pain, and langour, and weakness assail the corruptible body, the immortal spirit will naturally desire to become more conversant with those interests to which by its own nature it is united. The realities which faith discovers to us will become more and more engrossing to our minds, in proportion to the vividness with which we receive the impression, that 'the things which are seen are temporal, and the things which are not seen are eternal.' For the solitude of my sabbath

yesterday, I took down a volume of sermons by the bishop of Calcutta, and read that on Prayer, with interest and profit. It struck me that the book would not be an unacceptable present to my dear young friend, and I determined to send it to-day. Perhaps, through the coming winter, you may not be unfrequently detained from public worship; and so wise and pious an instructer as Daniel Wilson may be very acceptable to be near at hand. Many of the sermons I heard preached, much to my edification; and the reading over of their titles and texts brought thoughts and feelings to my remembrance, which were pensive, but not unprofitable. The subjects of those discourses are most important; and the truths they contain are plainly and practically stated, so as to lead the reader into an acquaintance with those things in the knowledge of which his eternal life consists.

"Wishing you perfect restoration to health, as soon as it shall please your Heavenly Father, with every other blessing, both of this world and the next,

"I remain,

"Yours most affectionately."

And it pleased the all-wise Disposer of events to fulfil the pious wish in reference to that eternal world to which the patient, and most blessed

sufferer was hastening. All that affection and religion could do to alleviate pains, or to sustain and comfort the family, was done by my excellent sister. She thus speaks of her young relative in a letter to a friend:—"Delicate, and frail, and lovely, as a lily in the sunshine of spring, her root has been nipped by the frost, and she is now drooping and dying. But though 'the flower fadeth, the word of God endureth for ever.' And, firm in the confidence of faith through the merits of her Redeemer, she is waiting the approach of the last enemy without terror, in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection to eternal life."

Mrs. Bulmer's Christian politics enabled her to pierce through the clouds and mist which at this period enveloped the national horizon; and led her to see the hand of God employed in overruling and restraining the wickedness and errors of man; and, "out of seeming evil, still educing good."

She thus expresses herself to a friend:—

"1832.

"Let us with more ardent intensity of desire pray, that the living waters may with greater copiousness rise up, and refresh, and overflow our spirits. We are here in a thirsty land, where

no water is, but what flows from the smitten rock; yet that follows us through all the wilderness, nor shall its supplies be ever exhausted, nor shall that voice ever be silenced, which in the accents of gracious invitation cries, even to us, 'Let him that is athirst come.' I hope I have not been writing words of course: my own heart feels their importance, and my encouragement and consolation is, that they are true. They affect those interests which are becoming every day more momentous, in proportion as eternity advances, and the short day of time hastens towards its close. The scenes shift very quickly on this world's theatre, and the actors advance and retire, with unmeasured and impetuous steps. The course of things is fluctuating and tumultuous: human affairs appear to be hastening towards some impressive crisis, and the judgments of God seem abroad in the earth. What shall be the end of these things? If it were not for the answer of the prescient Spirit, in the words of Divine Truth, we might be alarmed at the issue; but on that authority it is the privilege of every Christian to rest in the assurance, that 'the Lord sitteth above the water-floods, and reigneth a King for ever;' and that he will so order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men, as to lay even *their turbulent* machinations under contribution to

the introduction and establishment of permanent and universal good. I think, Christian politics lead to this conclusion, and upon worldly ones I feel myself an inadequate judge. That our country may be preserved and saved in a state of tranquillity, it is our duty most devoutly to pray; as well as that our rulers may have grace to ask wisdom from God, who alone can assist them to right the vessel, that she may not be swamped in the deep waters, into which her rowers seem to have brought her."

Early in the year 1833, her poem entitled "Messiah's Kingdom" appeared before the public. In presenting one of the first copies to a friend, she thus speaks of the death of Dr. Adam Clarke, and of the Rev. Richard Watson; and of her great obligations to the latter, for his revision of her work before its publication.

"JAN. 1833.

"MY spirits have been much exercised by the bereavements which we have suffered in our society. The death of our dear, and old, and much-valued friend, Dr. Clarke, affected me greatly. It was so sudden and so melancholy, that he should be cut off, as in a moment, by that terrible disease, the cholera! But it did not uncommissioned in vade so valuable a life. He seems to have had

the impression for some time previously, that his days were drawing near to an end. It was a great satisfaction to me, that I had accepted an invitation from him and dear Mrs. Clarke, and had spent a few days with them last April. But when he was taken, I felt I had lost one, whose friendship I had for many years accounted it an honour and privilege, as well as a high gratification, to enjoy. But trials come not singly: our society has been affectingly visited with the loss of its ministers; and in the list of our bereavements we have to add the name of Richard Watson, to that of Dr. Clarke! What breaches has the Lord made upon us! It has cast a cloud over us; and constrains us to inquire, What is the voice of these providences to our church, and to ourselves? Another link is broken from my circle of friendship, and one upon which I set no common value. The volume that will accompany this tended, in no small degree, to increase my personal interest in that eminent and highly-gifted minister, whom it has pleased the Head of his church so early to remove to himself. To Mr. Watson's candid judgment, I submitted my work before I resolved on publication. His sanction was given in its favour; he gave me his counsel and assistance in the business of printing, publishing, &c. He revised the proofs in passing

through the press; and his last literary engagement was to read one of those sheets. I was obliged to go through the latter part of it alone: and now a melancholy interest is attached to the whole affair; but I am truly thankful for the obligation under which I have been laid to his judgment and friendship; and that I did not omit the opportunity of obtaining it, while it was in my power."

In the August following, when speaking of the construction of this poem, she expressed a regret that she had "not prefixed to it a short preface, unfolding the outline of her plan;" and adds,

"THE work is not a poetical version of Scripture History; but a developement of the great scheme of human salvation, through a Divine Incarnate Redeemer. This, from its first announcement to its final consummation, is pursued through its various forms of manifestation,—in the Patriarchal, Levitical, Prophetic, and Christian Revelations. And the great moral of the poem is, (as in the first book enunciated,) 'Propitiation through sacrificial blood;' typically, at first, under the introductory dispensations by the blood of slain beasts; and finally, and really, by the offering up of the great Antitype, 'the Lamb who taketh

away the sins of the world.' In the prosecution of this great subject my line of order has been to follow the course of its developement in the Sacred Scriptures,—the spring-head of my inspiration; and time, place, and circumstance have been subordinated to this primary design.

"The machinery of preparation for this the most stupendous event ever witnessed by the intelligent creation, being massive and magnificent in proportion to its purpose; and its foundation being deeply, and widely, and strongly laid; it rose gradually from the depths of Divine Wisdom, before the view of an admiring universe. Whoever, therefore, adventurously undertakes to descant upon such a theme must, of necessity, bring out its evolutions upon a scale adapted to their character. A gradual and slow unravelling of the mystery will, of course, ensue; shadows, and symbols, and prophetic enunciations, whether by action, voice, or vision, must occupy their proper sphere in the great system of evangelical truth; and the times, events, and personages, with which they are connected, must stand in the same relation, even should their arrangements appear to invert the regular chain of chronological history.

"Strictly and necessarily connected with this central principle, are the various historical subjects which occupy so large a portion of the work.

Not one of them has been taken up indiscriminately, but each has been selected, as a beam converging towards a common centre, and essential to illustrate the complete and rounded radiance of the glorious orb of truth."

The following extracts are taken from letters addressed to the kind friend before alluded to, who superintended Mrs. Bulmer's class during her absence from home. In quoting so largely from her letters, it is intended that she should be her own memorialist. In these her wisdom, piety, and affection are unreservedly displayed. They may be received as the sincere, unstudied effusions of her heart, poured forth at the moment of writing.

"My dear Friend,

"Having been upwards of five weeks from home, I feel anxious to know how you are going on; and especially I wish to hear of the prosperity of my dear Christian charge; and how far you feel yourself at home in fulfilling the duty you have so kindly undertaken in my stead. I am sure you will feel that it involves a responsibility; but that will not be unsalutary, if it stimulate you to greater watchfulness, and to more fervent prayer. When we feel our own weakness, how naturally do we fly to the Strong

for strength! When we sensibly want wisdom, how thankful are we for the promise, that 'to him that asketh it shall be given.' May you, my dear friend, be brought by this, and every other Christian exercise, into a deeper acquaintance with your own heart, as well as into a richer and fuller participation of all the treasures of Divine grace; that your joy may abound in God your Saviour; that you may become more eminently a blessing to your family, to the church of which you are a member, and to society at large.

"I am here in a beautiful seclusion, looking forth upon rocks and woods, rich in autumnal foliage; upon trees bending beneath the weight of clustered fruits; upon a bright and tranquil scene, which scarce a breeze ruffles, or a sound violates; except the notes of the robin-redbreast, and a few other birds, that seem resolved to enjoy, as much as may be, the bright and calm sunshine of the declining year. How many times have I exclaimed, since I left home, 'What a beautiful world is this, which God has provided for the abode of man!' I feel thankful that my powers of perception for such beauties and pleasures are not weakened. What sources of delight and enjoyment has our Creator furnished for us in his works! They are truly great, 'sought out of all them that have pleasure therein!'"

"CHELTENHAM, 1833.

"AFTER a pleasant, solitary ride of twelve hours, I arrived here in safety, and found my kind friends waiting to receive me; under whose hospitable roof I have since enjoyed the happy intercourse of Christian friendship; together with domestic comfort, good air, and exercise, and, last, though not least, the public means of grace, and suitable opportunities for retirement. After such an enumeration, ought I not to profit greatly by my journey? Cheltenham is interesting and beautiful, as a place of fashionable resort. Its walks and buildings are tasteful and various; and the country for a few miles round it rich and picturesque. I should judge that the votaries of pleasure may here find ample means of gratification; but as myself and friends are devoted to another interest, I cannot give you much account of them. I have just been inspecting, and I may say enjoying, some of the bright and beautiful things provided for the health and recreation of the visitants. It would take more time than I can spare, to describe the gay and splendid appearance presented by the walks and gardens attached to the different spas; the principal of which I have just been visiting. To stroll about scenes which remind one of enchantment, may be well enough for an occasional

holiday; but how soon are such enjoyments dissipated! I cannot but pity the butterflies who float in an atmosphere of perfume, and flutter amidst myrtles and roses, but seem to have no covert prepared against the bleak winds of winter, or even the sombre changes of an autumnal day. What a blessing to have been brought to an acquaintance with Him, who, to those who know and love him, is 'the glory of their brightest days,' and their light in the deepest shadows of affliction, and bereavement, and death! I feel myself, under all circumstances, in a changing and passing world, which I must soon leave. But, all praise to redeeming mercy, the prospect beyond is irradiated by the light of heaven! May our setting sun be bright and glorious as the one now before me, and then the changes of time shall issue in the unchanging bliss of eternal life!"

* * * * *

"YOUR present association of ideas between the scenery by which you are surrounded, and the venerable founder of Methodism, will give you an additional interest in reading Mr. Watson's Life of that great and good man. In the course of its perusal, I feel an increased love for that system which it pleased God so wonderfully to establish. I see His hand preparing the way of

his servant, and His Spirit working in that mind which was destined to exert an influence, incalculable in energy and extent, upon the minds of myriads of his fellow-creatures. Personally constrained to bless the instrument, I cannot choose but give glory to God. I feel also that the Connexion owes its grateful thanks to Mr. Watson, for the lucid and beautiful statements which he has here presented of the doctrines of Methodism. I hope they will not only be read, but studied, both by preachers and people, for personal edification; in the former case, for the clear, simple, systematic, and scriptural instruction of the flocks committed to their charge."

* * * * *

"1834.

"THE congregation in this place, like our own, exhibits evident marks of change. I look in vain for several who used to be the stated and most regular attendants: how soon will our places also in the earthly sanctuary be surrendered to others! But if we be admitted to that higher and holier temple, where the 'spirits of the just made perfect' present a worship hallowed and unalloyed by the infirmities and frailties of a sinful mortal nature, the exchange will leave us nothing to regret. I thank God through Jesus

Christ for the good hope we have that this will be the case. Let it be our supreme concern daily to ascertain that this hope stands on a firm foundation. My own experience affords me the continually-deepening conviction, that nothing short of this can, under any circumstances, bring a moment's true enjoyment to my mind. I must know and feel my present interest in Him, who will alone be the spring and fountain of my future felicity. I must possess now the evidence which the Spirit of God alone, through faith, can afford me of the realities of things unseen, and of my interest in them: without this, all is dark, though illumined with meridian sun-light; and every engagement tasteless, when the heart becomes the prey of doubtful misgivings, with respect to the interests of eternity.

"I hope, in attending to the charge you have kindly undertaken for me, you feel, in endeavouring to stimulate others, a new energy is supplied to your own heart. This, I can truly say, I have often experienced myself, and it has often refreshed me under many discouragements. A simple trust in God for wisdom, and for grace, to meet the various requirements of this responsible and most important duty, I have always felt to be the most cheering and effectual preparation for its unencumbered and appropriate

discharge. The Saviour meets with those who humbly seek him; and the gracious Spirit communicates to the docile mind his own enlightening and reviving energy."

* * * * *

"1834.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I WAS truly shocked at hearing the affecting account of your poor aunt's sudden illness and death by cholera. How correctly is it said of mortal man, 'He is crushed before the moth;' 'he cometh up as a flower, and is cut down; he passeth also as a shadow, and continueth not!' Yet, while his life on earth is 'even as a vapour,' how important are the results of his existence as it respects that unseen and eternal world beyond! Would that we were broad awake to its solemn interests, and that the voice which summons our beloved friends, from all the concerns of time, into the presence of the Judge, might prolong its monitory sound to our hearts, so as to warn us also to arise and trim our lamps, and prepare for the coming of the Bridegroom. I trust neither the providence nor the grace of God will in vain make its solemn claim upon us. How happy are we, that we know any thing of Him who is 'the resurrection and the life;' that, in the way

marked out for us by the death and by the triumphs of the Redeemer, we can track the path to a glorious immortality,—our hope to awake up after his likeness, and to be eternally satisfied with the vision of his glory! This being so, let us cultivate holy affections, habits of mental spirituality, principles of wisdom and love, communion with God in Christ, deadness to the world, and, at the same time, renew our efforts to live to as much purpose as possible, while we are permitted to remain in it.

"I wish we could all cultivate a more devotional spirit; we should then be more disposed for retirement from the world, with all its vain and transitory interests; to hold discourse upon subjects intimately connected with our everlasting welfare. Even the necessary duties of life might be compressed into smaller compass, both of time and thought; so as to leave us at leisure for occupation with Divine and saving truth. And how noble are these subjects! how exalting, how purifying! They bring the spirit into contact with infinity, with eternity, with Him who is infinite and eternal, the only true rest and centre of the soul of man! I have been dwelling upon these thoughts in the interior of my own heart. I have been feeling them, I trust, with a more penetrating intensity. Every scene I pass through, (and I

have passed through many pleasant and refreshing ones of late,) every friend with whom I am permitted to hold sweet intercourse, (and with many such have I been favoured to converse since last I saw you,) all, every thing, leaves my heart unsatiated, until I return to Him who is my only rest. I have thought, and read, and talked much of the glories of heaven; of the blessedness of the righteous, when gathered home to the house of their Father above, until I have entered, in some slight measure, into the rejoicing of hope. Yes, if we steadily and courageously war a good warfare, we, too,

——'shall behold his face,
We shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.'"

* * * * *

"We must steadily persevere in the path of duty, whatever obstacles may arise to obstruct our progress. This is a lesson of great importance, to be learned and remembered at all seasons, but perhaps at none more especially than the present. We are fallen, indeed, upon times of trouble; I might almost add, of 'rebuke and blasphemy.' For when the church is divided against itself, those who love and pray for its prosperity must weep, in secret places, for the scandal and contempt which

it calls forth from the world; which gladly shelters its own ungodliness under the faults and follies of those who profess religion. Let us be thankful, that we have learned to distinguish things that differ. Let us manifest that we are the disciples of Christ, by showing that we have in us the mind that was in him. This lesson I find necessary to bear daily in mind myself; and I would enforce it upon you. We are among those who must not in any measure be moved from our steadfastness, by any passing event, however painful. I trust, those clouds, which have for a season obscured our horizon, will soon pass away; and that the reviving influence of the Sun of Righteousness will awaken us to greater usefulness and beauty. My friends here stand in the front ranks, to maintain right principles; and are, of course, exposed to much obloquy from the revolutionizing party. I am deeply grieved that there is a troubled spirit stalking abroad, 'seeking rest, and finding none' but in violating with its own perturbations the quietness of those who would gladly live in peace with God and man."

The following lines, so expressive of her own present spiritual comfort, and of her glorious anticipations of future blessedness, were written in November, 1834:—

"THEY that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint."—Isaiah xl. 38.

WITH sun-bright eye, and soaring flight,
The eagle scales the rough rock's height;
Then sinks with folded plumes to rest,
Secure within its lofty nest.

Lo! upward borne, on wing sublime,
Beyond the turbid waves of time,
My spirit seeks repose above,
Beneath the shade of sovereign love.

He bids me rise: his voice Divine
Allures me to that inmost shrine;
Bids me, in whispers soft and sweet,
Approach that sprinkled mercy-seat.

I come, in want and weakness, known,
In all their depths, to Him alone;
On him to wait in lowly prayer,
Till he shall meet and bless me there.

On him I wait; nor wait in vain;
I feel pervading power sustain
My troubled, strengthless, flutt'ring breast,
So long by guilt, by fear, oppress'd.

I see, while in his presence bow'd,
Bright through the veiling incense-cloud,
Resplendent break those glories mild,
Which speak my Father reconciled.

I see, within that hallow'd shrine,
The consecrated Priest Divine;
His hand the golden censer bears,
He pleads my cause, presents my prayers.

Lo! glad in strength renew'd I rise,
Unwearied press to grasp the prize;
Surmount the lingering mists of time,
And gain, e'en now, a loftier clime.

On wings of faith, of hope, I soar,
By darkling fears detain'd no more;
With joy pursue my upward way,
And hail the dawn of endless day.

Yes, glorious visions meet my eye,
Which eagle, soaring to the sky
In golden sun-light, never scann'd,
The splendours of that far-off land.

There, by those streams of holy light,
Which downward dart their radiance bright,
I see the heaven prepared for me,
When life absorbs mortality.

Those hallow'd realms, how calm, how fair!
How pure the sacred pleasures there,
Where seraphs, veil'd, adoring stand,
And rapture stays the minstrel's hand!

There prostrate elders lowly bend;
There songs from mystic powers ascend;
There saints, in choral shouts, proclaim,
One great, one high, one only Name!

Bow to that Name, ye thrones of light!
There cast your crowns, ye seraphs bright!
My soul, present thy homage there,
The bliss of saints, of angels, share.

Who dwells within that veiled shrine?
Who claims that worship all Divine?
'T is He, the Lamb, who press'd for me
The blood-stain'd height of Calvary!

Hail! holy Victim! lo! I rise,
Through thy all-perfect sacrifice;
With strength renew'd, to urge my way,
Though hell and death my course would stay.

On wings of faith, of hope, I soar,
That far-off land with joy explore;
I 've pass'd within the eternal shrine,
I bask in light and love Divine.

Some reflections on the completion of the third centenary of the Reformation are subjoined:—

"Oct. 4th, 1835.

"By a natural and reasonable computation, men in general value their possessions in proportion to the labour and expense by which they have been acquired. The badge of honour that adorns the veteran, recently returned from conflicts which have brought salvation to his country, is worn with a more just and lively sense of the pre-eminence conferred by it, than can be felt by his descendants, who assume his honour without risk or toil. Riches, too, when gained by diligence, privation, and a long-continued course of economical prudence, are grasped more firmly by the hand that has amassed them, than by the inconsiderate and slothful heirs. If, then, through human frailty, man be naturally inclined to set a lower value on privileges which he owes not to his personal exertions, it becomes his duty, while partaking of the benefits procured by others, to stimulate his faint perceptions, by adverting frequently to their original and sterling worth; and to the price which has been paid for them by those to whose successful efforts he is more indebted than his want of due consideration led him to suppose.

"Upon such grounds as these, have anniversaries and festivals on different occasions been introduced into the world: and to commemorate our obligations both to God and man, and thus perpetuate our grateful feelings, is both a pious and a delightful task. By the Christian, on his pilgrimage to Canaan, accustomed to regard the kind interposition of Divine Providence, many stones of help will be erected; where, at each returning season, he will thankfully express his obligations to the God 'who has redeemed him from all evil,' and anoint them with the oil of joy and praise.

"But while private blessings call forth sentiments of thankfulness, which, at peculiar seasons, are appropriately expressed, surely when, by revolving ages, our attention is directed towards that important period, when Jehovah graciously appeared to raise and comfort his afflicted church; then, putting off, like the patriarch Jacob, whatever would unfit us for the solemn service, we should arise, and go to Bethel, and build an altar to Jehovah, who appeared to our forefathers in the day of their distress.

"This period completes the third centenary since the blessed Reformation dawned upon the darkness of the Christian world: and, long accustomed to meridian light, the ten-fold gloom

which then enveloped it is not without an effort realized by the imagination or the memory. Surrounded, as we are at present, with civil and religious privileges, there is danger lest we should forget the struggle which obtained them; lest we should grow unconscious of their value; and either torpidly forego, or wickedly abuse, those blessings which were gained by nothing less than the especial interference of the providence of God, who, in answer to the prayers of saints and martyrs, broke the bonds of the oppressor, and defeated the malevolent devices of the rulers of the darkness of this world.

"The benighted state of Christendom before the glorious era of the Reformation, the superstition, ignorance, and vice that held it in subjection, dishonour human nature, and intimate the near extinction both of the intellectual and heavenly light."

It cannot be supposed that one who in early youth had loved to tune her simple lyre to sweet and sacred song, and in later life had strung its chords to hymn the loftiest themes, could view unmoved the present fashionable depreciation of poetical effort. Her taste and judgment both rebelled against the factitious principle on which it was grounded. She thus expressed her

sentiments on the subject, while presenting her own poem to a friend:—

"1836.

"My dear Sir,

"Will you do me the favour to accept the accompanying volume? I feel quite disposed to believe that you possess, instinctively, a love of sacred song; and also that you desire to cultivate the same taste in your young and interesting charge. For, however general it may be in these days of cold and calculating utilitarianism, to depreciate poetry, I cannot but consider its soothing and ameliorating influence as, in some measure, essential to the correction of that dissonance and disorder of the mind which is natural to rude and uncultivated man. But, perhaps, I am not an impartial judge; I am under more than common obligations to that gentle art, which almost in childhood taught me to give expression to thoughts and feelings unconnected with a merely sensitive world, and which otherwise might not have been so seriously cherished; and I owe much also to its soothing influence in seasons of deep sorrow, when I was enabled to resort to it as an alleviating and refreshing occupation, during days and years of pensive and almost melancholy depression."

In 1835, on the death of the very excellent Mrs. Mortimer, that venerable lady's family and friends requested Mrs. Bulmer to become her biographer; and gave up, for her inspection and use, the private letters and papers, necessary for its performance. The work appeared early in the winter of 1836; and how well it was executed, may be judged from a second edition being called for very shortly after the publication of the first.

It was at this period, when her usefulness seemed greatest, and the sphere of her influential example most enlarged, that He who seeth not as man seeth, sent forth the command, that she should be gathered into His garner. On Thursday, the 25th of August, she accompanied some of her nearest relatives on an intended excursion to the Isle of Wight. The following day she visited with them his Majesty's dock-yard at Portsmouth, and the late Admiral Lord Nelson's ship, the Victory; examining, with much animation and interest, the wonderful works of man, and the ingenious adaptations of science to diminish human labour. She went to Ryde on Saturday, and on Sunday was taken unwell. On Tuesday morning the unfavourable symptoms had increased, yet neither herself, her friends, nor medical attendants, were apprehensive of danger.

In the same evening her pulse suddenly rose from ninety-six to a hundred and twenty, and as suddenly sank, fluttered for a few seconds, and then ceased for ever. Without a sigh or a struggle, she passed through the gate of death, to the realms of everlasting life. To use the emphatic expression of one of the medical gentlemen present, "All was peace there." Had she lived a few hours longer, she would have completed her sixty-first year; but, born into the world above, that birth-day was kept where "the sun goeth not down," nor the inhabitant says, "I am sick."

Although her death was so sudden and unexpected, ought not that to be reckoned amongst her numerous mercies? Her whole life had been a preparation for that hour; and, with her natural timidity of character, might she not have been startled at the sight of the King of terrors, although she knew that his Conqueror had despoiled his shaft of its venom? But she was saved from the fear of death; and those who watched her last moments believe that she was permitted to pass through the dark valley without knowing that she had entered it: the glories of heaven revealed the truth to her enfranchised spirit. Her dear remains were brought to London, and laid by the side of her husband, in

her father's family vault, in the Wesleyan chapel burial-ground, City-road.

Her last poetical effort is now offered to the public. The subject had long occupied her thoughts; but the poem itself was written lately, and completed only a few weeks before her death. It may afford a melancholy pleasure to those friends who have deeply felt her sudden removal, to read her own glorious and undoubting anticipations of future blessedness;—that "man is the offspring of Divine Benevolence," are the dying words of her Muse.

Thus, with a trembling hand, has the sorrowing memorialist attempted this faint sketch of her much-lamented friend and sister; she now leaves the unfinished portrait with Mrs. Bulmer's own words:—

"The voices of departed friends come to us, borne on breezes wafted from the Paradise in which they dwell; in tender and affecting accents they whisper of the past, and we retrace the chequered scenes through which we have walked in delightful companionship, bearing each other's burdens, and rejoicing to fulfil the holy law of duty and of love. But, they are gone! and the scenes to which memory reverts, with a pensiveness so luxurious, like the shadows of the evening, have faded quietly away. Sounds of

the future, as well as of the past, breathe from the spirits of departed saints; they bid our hearts ascend more warmly in affection 'to their Father, and our Father; to their God, and our God.' They invite us to urge our course with increased activity, that we may meet them at the goal; that, together, we may receive the palm of victory and the crown of glory, and with them participate in everlasting life."

MAN

THE

OFFSPRING OF DIVINE BENEVOLENCE.

BY AGNES BULMER.

"THE earth is full of the goodness of the Lord." Psalm xxxiii. 5.

MAN

THE

OFFSPRING OF DIVINE BENEVOLENCE.

YES, Goodness reigns! This fair revolving world,
Garnish'd with beauty, basking in Heaven's light,
Proclaims the ceaseless energy of Love;
Love, manifest in wisdom infinite,
Love, ruling in the majesty of power.
Yes, Goodness reigns! Beneficence Divine
Gave birth to being, and on man impress'd
The image of the pure, supernal Good;
Man, still the object of his Maker's care,
Though wayward, vagrant, yet remember'd still
With tenderest yearnings of parental love.

"BUT man is restless, wretched, the sad sport
Of adverse winds and waves, that toss and fret
The uncertain sea of life, o'er which he sails
To some dread port unknown."

THE murmuring Muse,
In plaintive tone, his hapless fate deplores,
Sighs o'er the victim of disease and pain,
The earth-born heir of sorrow, labour, death,
The child of vanity, condemn'd to pass
His fitful, short, probationary hour,
A mournful tenant of the vale of tears:
Then at the judgment-seat to render up
His intricate account of mighty debts,
Perchance uncancell'd, as unnoted oft,
When Conscience, whispering to his callous ear,
To make her warnings heard, essay'd in vain.

SUSPEND thy griefs a moment:—thou whose harp
Strung to such plaintive music, lovest to pour
Its wild, sad tones disconsolate, in dells
Where musing Melancholy holds her court;
Where seated lorn, and low, beneath the shade
Of trees umbrageous, round whose tortuous boughs,
Wreathes the thick mist exhaled from stagnant lake,
Or poison-breathing swamps, where, sad at heart,
And circled with an atmosphere of tears,
She views distorted Nature's face sublime;
Too gross her element for gentle lights,
And blending beams, that tranquillize the scene.
Fear clothes with sanguine vest the phantom forms,
That gleam terrific through that vision'd shade;
Or, dimly pale, like spirits of the storm,

Envelopes in the humid clouds that rise,
Cheerless and chill, around her desert home.
So, when stern Winter in his frozen vest
Enfolds fair Nature's charms, the vaporous air,
Surcharged and dense, repels the solar beam;
No genial ray falls on the languid earth,
But, struggling with the dun, deep, murksome haze,
At length the orb of day encrimson'd gleams,
A lurid meteor in the dusky sky,
And o'er the pale, cold, dreary scene beneath
Effuses his own sanguinary stain.

Rise, then, sad Minstrel! take the lofty lyre
From the rude boughs of that deciduous shade!
Forsake the darkling haunts of demon Gloom;
Beyond her magic, misty circle pass
To reason's clearer light. The sun of truth
Through that pure medium colourless shall break,
And, bright diffusing his fair beams benign,
Shall show thee man, a being form'd for bliss,
And sentient or to suffer or enjoy.
Behold thy nature in its glorious birth:
Form'd in his Maker's image, heir of life,
Endow'd with knowledge, holiness, and power,
Man held in Paradise the awful scale
Of life or death, of woe or happiness,
Immaculate in spirit, free to stand
In bliss and dignity, yet free to fall;

In evil hour, the beam, descending, bore
His diadem of glory to the dust.
Forlorn he stood, the victim of his foe,
The lawful prey of sorrow, labour, pain;
And dark, and deep, in wrathful characters,
His fallen, conscious spirit bore impress'd
The dreadful sentence of impending fate.
Death, visionary, dim, terrific stood,
A hideous spectre in the dismal shade;
While boding Conscience, gall'd by guilt and shame,
In tortures writhed beneath his brandish'd sting.

Alas! too well that dread catastrophe,
That forfeiture of perfect bliss, is known!
Be ours the holier, happier task, to view
Heaven's primitive design in love renew'd;
Man form'd for bliss, to forfeit-bliss restored;
Remedial medicine in his cup of gall,
By Mercy's hand infused. Stupendous Grace
Engaged to countervail infernal arts,
To re-instate in Heaven's paternal smile,
To re-inscribe the form of Deity
On God's immortal work, restore the stream
Of endless life, the countless gifts benign,
The rich endowments of Beneficence
Exuberant in bounty to renew.

Yet not, as erst in Paradise, unmix'd,

To press the nectar'd chalice to his lips
Is given to mortal man. No: blended now
With bitter dregs the honied sweet combines,
The healing balsam soothes the smart of pain.
A mild restraint, a kindly discipline
Now tempers smiles with tears; the chastening rod
Checks the wild sallies of the impatient Will;
The scourge with stroke severe, severer still
If frequent needed, humbles towering Pride.
But Love, long-suffering, tender, patient, kind,
Delights in blessing; nor inflicts a pang,
But where deep-searching Wisdom, prescient, sees
Fell poison gendering in the deadly wound.

A PILGRIM now on this terrestrial sphere,
Man treads a checquer'd path, exposed to storms;
Yet brighten'd oft by beams of holy light,
And fringed with flowers exhaling heavenly sweets.
No: though disease assails his sickening frame,
And sorrow bends his spirit to the dust;
Yet is not pain the general law of life,
Nor grief the region for the soul design'd.
Eternal Providence, with steadfast hand,
Sustains the beam of human destiny:
And though offended Justice, strongly press'd,
Throws in the scale her fines and punishments;
Yet Mercy, ever waiting to be kind,
Accumulates her countless stores of good,

Till low, and lower, with increasing weight,
Love's golden balance swift, surcharged, descends.

But, pall'd in mists of visionary gloom,
The moody Minstrel still dejected sings;
A sable cloud conceals fair Nature's face,
And, sullen, as the rising Whirlwind sighs,
She hears Creation's stifled groan of woe:—
"Earth, subject to the curse, herself oppress'd,
Like a false mother, persecutes her sons.
She spreads the banquet, costly, delicate,
Fair to the eye, and pleasant to the taste;
Yet, with insidious art, and treacherous smile,
She tempts but to betray. Death lurks unseen,
A full-arm'd foe, beneath the sumptuous board;
And—while the fearless guest, satiate, reclines
Voluptuous on the lap of indolence,
Or trills the sprightly song of jocund mirth
To lute and viol—from his ambush springs,
And grasps with giant-hand his fated prey.
Sudden transfix'd by the fell tyrant's shaft,
He writhes one rueful moment, and expires.
In leagued strife, each element combines
To render man's precarious dwelling-place
A home of danger, an abode of fear.
Low gathering clouds obscure the firmament;
The sudden whirlwind wakes, and o'er the heath

Chases the traveller as a wither'd leaf
From Autumn's woods embrown'd; wild waters sweep,
Impetuous torrents flood the fruitful plain;
And ocean, chafed to angry, rude uproar,
Engulfs whole navies in its vast abyss.
Foul, pent-up vapours heave the trembling earth,
Huge mountains reel, and cities from their base
Swept to the yawning pit, entomb'd alive,
Perish from mortal sight; in conflict strange,
With subterranean, elemental fires
Their awful powers unite; fierce lightnings glare,
Sear the broad branches of the spreading oak,
Shiver in ruthless sport its massive trunk,
And leave the traveller lifeless on the plain."

Alas for man! how, like a captious child,
Whose wayward will rejects each proffer'd gift,
For something out of reach, he pines, and frets,
And spurns the cup of blessing from his lips,—
Because Heaven gives not an unmingled draught!
Look out on this fair world, and thou shalt see,
Spite of the passing tempest, loveliness,
Harmonious order, adaptations rare
Of part to part, of all to human weal,—
To weal of creatures, varied endlessly
By Power, and Love, and Wisdom infinite;
Varied by Him, whose all-pervading eye

Pursues the meanest effort of his skill;
Who, while archangels live but in his light,
Imparts to all his bounty, and vouchsafes
To lowliest being his parental care.

Dash the dim tear-drop from thine eye, look up:
A cheering radiance kindles on the gloom,
Bright as Aurora in the orient sky;
Soft roses, redolent of summer sweets,
Fair, but not thornless, put their blossoms forth,
And genial spring blithe trills her sprightly lay;
Autumn rejoices in her spoils, secure,
Ere yet the blasts of winter furious rave.
Yes; thou shalt see the smile of health and hope
On pleasure's dimpled cheek.—Tears, tears must flow;
But man, even in his wilderness abode,
Is yet surrounded with a thousand joys.

Does the thick cloud, in sable drapery,
Veil the bright heavens, and change their radiant smile
Of joyous beauty, to the pensive mien
Of sorrow, such as darkens the glad brow
Of bridal bliss, o'ercast too suddenly
By shades of unanticipated ill?
Are sounds—harsh, dissonant, deep, utter'd aloft—
Of multitudinous waters, through the sky
Rushing to pour a deluge down to earth?

Does nature reel beneath the tempest-crash?
'T is the outbursting of Omnipotence,
At intervals reveal'd to awe the world!
But mark earth's strong foundations,—mark its forms
Of majesty and grace:—firm as at first,
When stablish'd by its Maker on the floods,
It stands, the record of creative power;
Pursues inviolate its steadfast course,
In measured movement through the wilds of space;
According spheres chime to its harmony,
And holy spirits gladden with delight,
While gazing at its exquisite array.

But Melancholy, as with pensive step
She paces, sad and slow, her lorn recess,
Feels not the stirring joy; her dull, cold ear
Wakes not to music: nor do gentle flowers
Bloom on her blasted path: 't is cheerless all.
There, the fresh breeze that courts reviving spring,
The fluttering gale on summer's roseate cheek,
Waft not their sweet perfume; soft halcyon sounds
Die in the gusts of autumn whistling loud,
Or furious ravings of the wintry storm.
Health, beauty, pleasure, in the realms beyond
Wreathe lovely garlands, though with fading flowers:
The smiling rainbow spans the surcharged cloud,

And sunbeams interlace the forest shade.
The bright, the soft, the sombre, the severe,
In Nature's glorious landscape graceful blend;
Graceful, yet powerless, to divest the gloom
Of moody Discontent and startling Fear,
Who rather turn, dejected, silent, sad,
From cheerful beauty to the darkling glen;
Or stand, with breath suppress'd, in panic dread,
To listen to the wild tornado's rage,
Or mark sirocco swooping to his prey.

"EACH element has terrors, each is arm'd
With devastating enginery, that mocks
The futile force of feeble, puny man:"

TRUE, man is impotent, though fierce and proud,
Nor unreluctant, in broad-sheeted fires,
To wreak stern vengeance on a fellow-worm,
But see, by him unaided, unrestrain'd
By his unconscious thanklessness, how soft
On herb and flower refreshing dew-drops rest;
Heaven's copious rains revive maternal earth;
And bright and healthful, through dissolving snows,
Shoots the green blade to bless the tiller's care!
Bleak Winter ministers to smiling Spring;
And Summer, rosy-wreathed, to Autumn bland;

Who, canopied by pure cerulean heaven,
And swarth with sun-beams, looks exultant forth
On reapers toiling on the fervid plain,
Or purpled clusters that the wine-press wait.
O, who that marks with kindling heart and eye
Kind Heaven's exuberant bounty, would forego
The rapt emotion of adoring praise,
The happy hymn of gratitude, to watch
Dim clouds, slow-gathering in the distant sky?
Who, leaving grandeur, beauty, plenty, peace,
Broad-rolling floods, bright rills, soft dews, and showers,
Would own, in nature's liquid element,
But wasteful storms, and inundations dire,
The rushing torrent, or the whelming wave?

"HEAVEN bears its terrors too: yon firmament,
So pure in azure brightness, so intense
In rich reflections from the gorgeous plumes
Of seraphim, encircling glory's throne;
Yon firmament, so calm, so radiant now,
Ere long shall wear the drapery of night,
And from its turbid bosom hurtling clouds
Launch the loud, deep artillery of the storm.
Yes; o'er those shrouded skies, in dreadful might
Shall roll the chariot of Omnipotence!

God shall go forth in thunders, and his voice
Shake the rude caverns of the wilderness;
Bashan's strong oaks, tall cedars on the brow
Of lofty Lebanon, his fires shall rend;
Dangers and Death, aroused to meet their prey,
Shall, fell, bestride the lightning's flaming wing:
While earth's eternal, adamantine hills,
Impress'd by footsteps of Divinity,
Shall trembling own the terrors of the Lord."

But see, the storm subsides:—heaven's clear blue light
Beams brighter, lovelier, through disparting clouds;
The languid pulse of nature beats afresh;
New vital powers pervade the healthful breeze,
Purged of the breath of pestilence; far off
To stagnant climes, uncool'd, fierce Fever flies;
While calm, the defecated atmosphere
In full salubrious current freely blows.
Who sees heaven's vast artillery marshall'd thus
Against the foes of nature and of man,
And does not recognise that Word of Power
That claims the fiery spirits of the storm
As ministers of his? that sends them forth,
Each on his high behest,—to circle round
His heirs of glory with their wings of flame,
Or sear the scowling brow of rebel Pride?
Who does not recognise the Power benign

That rules, in blended majesty and love,
The creatures of his hand, that tempers mild
To man's infirmity his might sublime,
Nor yokes his chariot to the cherub's wing,
Nor makes the trembling mountains feel his tread,
But as supernal wisdom, present still,
As erst in the beginning, prompts his course?
Be still! though tempests rack the midnight sky,
Or with their swift-sped arrows dim the light
Of day's meridian glory, there 's a voice
Heard in the silence of the upright mind
Above their wildest dissonance of rage.
Heaven utters its own oracle,—Be still!
"Tempest and wind fulfil Jehovah's word!"

Smiling in beauty, rich in varied gifts,
Earth opens wide her treasures, and invites
Man, as the lord of all, to share her store:
For him she decks the table, kindly spreads
With hand munificent her plenteous board;
Yet not to tempt the low, luxurious guest,
Whose appetite voluptuous, on her grace
Rudely presuming, silently ensnares
To the sad chambers of disease and death.
No; to her kind repast she calls the wise,
Who know to use her bounty, and improve.
And see chaste Temperance, with thankful heart,
And renovated vigour, comes to bless

Benignant Heaven for its redundant grace;
No ambush'd foe, lurking in surfeit-viands,
Or in soft smile of sparkling bowl deceptive,
For him the rich repast to poison turns.
Health joins the grateful chorus of his praise,
And social Friendship, sweetener of all joys,
Breathes heart-felt, hallow'd orisons to heaven.

Thus mercy mild, with soft and silent step,
Through every province of her empire walks,
Scattering the seeds of bliss, by man unmark'd,
Who hears aghast the elemental war,
The inundation and the earthquake notes,
Yet sees not nature's varied powers combined
To bless his being, and supply his wants.
So, through the earth, with mild and modest grace,
Meek Virtue glides serene; while, raised aloft,
Ambition like a fiery meteor glares,
And Vice and Folly shake the jarring world.

But hark! the Muse resumes her plaintive strain;
And sighing cries,—
"Man is a mourner still;
Though earth as Eden lovely, graceful smiles,
Though blooming amaranths adorn her brow,
And Plenty, rich, her gifts perennial pours,

Harvest and vintage, copious at her feet.
Alas! for him creation smiles in vain,
Its beauties fade beneath his languid eye;
While from himself, ill-fated, he derives
The sources of his grief. His feeble frame
Exposed to dire disease, mischance, and death;
His soul, more powerless, chafed by passion's storms;
His mind, the boasted sphere of reason's sway,
Perturb'd, perplex'd, and ever prone to err;
While his frail senses, faithless to their trust,
Yield up the purblind captive to his foes.
Yes! through a path thorny and intricate,
Cheerless he wanders, desolate, forlorn,
Where rosy sun-light, fitful, only falls
Like evening splendours through the forest's gloom.
His virtue, arduous in attainment,
Frail, incomplete as the mists of morning,
And tested ever by the searching furnace,
Suborn'd by glozing tempters, or assail'd
In undisguised hostility by sin;
Yet, usher'd into earth's arena, firm
As helmed warrior in the stormy strife
Of rude and clangous battle, must he ward
The treacherous missile from dark ambush sped,
Repel the sword of violence, endure
The flame that dissipates bedimming dross;
Yet must he conquer in the unequal war,
Or lose the boon of bliss. On danger's height

A peril'd, strange probationer he stands,
While wide the abyss of darkness yawns below."

THOU, who to pensive tones, in mournful mood,
Stringest thy wild harp ever, pause awhile;
Nor plaintive sigh, forlorn and sorrowful,
O'er human weakness, on the dizzy point
Of high probation for eternity;
Till thou hast balanced, in the scale Divine,
His nature and his charge. Whence came the Mind,
With whom is lodged the awful faculty
Of knowing good from ill, the awful choice
Of death or life, of rapture or despair?
Man is the transcript of his Maker's glory;
Immortal, free, intelligent, endow'd
With powers commensurate for high emprise;
Powers, by expansion vigorous, to dilate
With still enlarging strength; not unprepared,
Unpanoplied for the dread battle-field,
Does Heaven confront him with his mortal foes,
Or send him forth, adventurous, to a fight
Where he perforce must quail, and leave the wreath
Of glorious conquest, of hard-earn'd renown,
On the dark adversary's scornful brow.
No! Mystery, from her dim and awful throne,
May drop her curtain round him, character'd
With forms and signs, by mortal intellection
Undecypherable, as the mystic words

Traced by unearthly fingers, in the view
Of falling Babylon's astonish'd king:
Yet waits on man as high a destiny
As that which ruled archangels at their birth,
And summons still the hierarchy of heaven,—
Celestial spirits, unenshrined in flesh,—
To bathe their glistening pinions in the stream,
And, bright, renew their everlasting strength,
By sparkling draughts from life's immortal spring.
Man is no desolate orphan, left at large
Undower'd, and unregarded:—No! for him
In consultation high, Wisdom, and Love,
And Power Omnipotent met at his birth;
And on his living frame, and on his mind,
Impress'd perfection's seal. All is not lost:
Though dimming clouds have settled on his brow,
The record of his greatness still survives.
Majestic towers he, though beneath his feet
The wrecks of time and death lie scatter'd wide;
O'er time and death triumphant, yet shall he,—
He, the lone stranger, pilgrim wanderer now,—
At length in re-asserted grandeur rise.

Offspring of Heaven! turn, homeward turn, thine eye,
That, wild and anxious, glances wide and far,
In fruitless search of undiscover'd good.
Survey thyself amid His works benign;

Read, if thou canst, the blended harmonies
Of being's perfect Author, in the frame
That, as a tabernacle, curious, holds
The stranger-spirit in its inmost shrine.
Dost thou not nobly bear a port sublime?
Art thou not destined to look off from earth,
And claim thy lofty kindred with the skies?
Dwells not in every part,—the agile limb,
The stately structure, the majestic brow,—
Dwells not in each, in finely-blended grace,
Beauty and strength, the useful and the grand?
Look forth on this fair world, behold its smile
Of peaceful beauty in the verdant plain;
The hedge-row gay with flowers, the sunny glade,
Imbibing, from heaven's light, ambrosial beams,
To paint its violets, scent its lilies pale.
Look forth, and, with expanding soul, survey
The towering mountain, as it swells sublime
In deep blue outline on the distant sky.
Look on the stainless circumambient heaven;
How pure, how bright, within its sapphire depths!
How gloriously yon source of living light
Blends its rich lustre with the ethereal breath
That wakes creation into life and joy!
Above, around, beneath, each element,
Harmoniously commingling, lends its charm
To the green earth, or to the azure sky.
O! can there be a heart so passionless,

An eye so unpercipient of the fair,
The bright, the beautiful, as not to gaze
On lovely things enamour'd? nor to feel
A chord within, which, touch'd by Nature's hand,
Reciprocates her holiest sympathies?

HEAVEN, in its pure sublimity, and earth,
Garnish'd with fields and flowers, breathe silent joy;
But view sweet life, in varied energy,
In varied pleasure, tranquil, buoyant, gay,
Floating in air or ocean, grazing wide
The plain or wilderness—gentle and bland,
Yielding to man's restraint; or, wild and rude
In the deep desert, curb'd by God alone.
Look! O! look forth on all around, above,
And say, if He who gave thee visual powers
Design'd thee not to taste of happiness!
Whence sprung the exquisite design, the skill,
That form'd, in beauteous adaptations rare,
The sentient organ to the world of sense?
That bade the well-constructed instrument
Perform its needed functions gracefully,
And blend, with highest service, pure delight?
Lovely as heaven-born light, the beaming eye
Reflective shines, fair mirror of the soul,
Illumined bright by reason's lofty ray,
Or, soft, suffused by sentiment and love.

Itself (pure symbol of observant Heaven)
Speaks its Creator kind, beneficent;—
The range of nature, through its medium seen,
Responds the oracle,—Lo! goodness reigns;
And beauty, smiling through each varied mode
Of form and colour, bids the heart rejoice.

HARK! Nature's realm is vocal with sweet sounds!
Nor circling spheres alone harmonious chime,
In mystic notes, intelligible praise
To reason's listening ear: nor on the soul,
Tuned to such melodies, descends alone
The holy echo of celestial harps,
By gales from heaven through night's deep stillness borne.
No! but terrestrial voices utter songs,
And Music wakes, sublime, her thousand strings,
Breathes on her magic shell, and summons forth,
From its deep convolutions, sounds that vie
With those of upper spheres. Yes, her sweet tones,
Soft as subsiding swell of cherub lyres,
Steep the rapt spirit in delightful dreams;
Or wild and stern, like rush of vaulting waves,
Or murmuring thunders, her impetuous hand
Sweeps the strong chord, in unison sublime
With valour's noble daring, with the glow
Of burning zeal, of pure seraphic love.

Or calmly sweet, in solemn measurement,
She tunes the hallow'd melody of praise.

NATURE'S own voice is music: soft, at eve,
In gentle gales she sighs; fresh mountain breezes
Bear her glad greeting to the roseate morn.
'Mid tall and waving forests, louder winds
Express her harmonies;—the trickling rill,
The cataract leaping from the creviced rock,
The broad flood, rich in tributary streams,
Majestic rushing towards its parent deep,
That pours perpetual his dread voice on high;
The tempest bursting sudden from the cloud,
In stern and angry dissonance; the blast
Upon whose murky wings Danger and Death
Exultant ride, in dread companionship
With fiery spirits, sheeted in the blaze
Of livid lightnings, who, with fatal swoop
Darting to earth, wrench the tall cedar
Or the knotted oak, the growth of ages,
From its native soil; and, irresistible
In awful might, augment dread Nature's chorus
By the whirl of sever'd branches, borne aloft
By warring elements, the deafening crash
Of the rude massive trunk, impetuous hurl'd
In angry violence on the echoing plain.

LOVEST thou the bland, the gentle? Can thy soul,

Strung to intenser, loftier bearing,
Scale the high places of sublimity?
Then, He who form'd thee with an ear to hear,
Design'd to make thee conscious of delight.
Fair is the universal face of things,
And Nature, rich in ever-changeful charms,
Is beautiful in all: the sylvan shade,
The murmuring streamlet, the broad mountain's
breast,
The glorious star-sprent canopy of heaven,
The silver moon sailing in silent state,
The sun, emerging bright from dark blue depths
To gild the orient with his gorgeous beams:
These, in their pomp of grandeur, in their smile
Of soft, pure loveliness, speak to the eye,
The heart, accessible to sympathies
Of holy, unsophisticated joy.
Yet, not this visible earth, nor those vast heavens,
Though to his eye presenting sights so fair,
And on his charmed ear pouring sweet sounds;
No: neither forms of sense, delectable,
Nor wonders of the world of harmony,
Can constitute the loftier bliss of man.
These are Heaven's bounties in this lower world;
But, gifted with an immaterial mind,
He finds alone congenial blessedness,
Where neither eye nor ear can guide his course.
What then is mind? and where the secret place

Whence, unperceived, untangible, it notes
Man's conscious nature by its power sublime ?
Its faculties of reason, memory, will,
Its energetic exercise of thought,
In spheres subjected to itself alone ?
And what is thought, whose strange and subtile power
Pervades each moment of thy conscious life ?
That companies thy spirit with the past,
Or bears it on, still onward, to dark realms
Where deep, dim clouds, depending, dense and low,
Curtain the chambers of futurity ?
Canst thou arrest it in its airy flight,
And bind it to a place ? Man knows no name
Which motion bears in its ten thousand rounds,
Whereby to note its progress ; time itself
Yields to the mightier energy of thought ;
And lightnings, by the Genius of the storm
Launch'd, wild and fierce, loiter on wearied wing.
O'er central depths vast ocean rolls in vain ;
And yon empearled firmament, so bright,
Circling with crystal arch this nether world,
To its impassive pinion nor presents
Restraint, nor danger : upward, round, beneath,
To heaven, to hell, through time, through space it flies,

Infinity, eternity, explores,
Then, fainting, rests before the Eternal Throne.

THOUGHT wakes our wonder when it soars sublime
On Contemplation's wing, with mystic powers
In realms unearthly holding converse high.
With step sedate on this terrestrial orb,
Calm, circumspect, it threads the maze of life,
Perceives, deliberates, compares, resolves,
Unseals the springs of wisdom, dives for truth,
Though deep beneath the circumambient flood,
Than gems more precious, its rich treasures lie.
Thought, mind's pure element, man's highest boon,
Thought demonstrates an intellectual soul,
Breathed, in companionship with lower life,
Into his sentient frame, yet with that frame
Unsubjected to dire mortality;
But, sprung from Being's Fountain, onward still
With its great Source destined to urge its way.
Thought, function of the immaterial mind,
Whose essence, undetected, subtile, strange,
Eludes the grasp of sense; thought takes all forms,
In varying modes of intellection lives.
Reason, calm, intricate, profound, sublime,
Arrests its loftiest powers; in living light,
Or draperied in dim and dreadful shade,
Imagination's pictured scroll it bears;
To active Memory needed service yields,

While in her strange receptacle she piles
Uncounted treasures, or, with curious art,
Draws from the deep recesses of the soul
Forms of departed things: in conscience stern,
Severe, yet faithful, to the guilty breast
It holds the mirror of forgotten crime;
Or, mild, restrains from yet unpractised ill.
Strong in volition, to the yielding soul
It lends the impulse of affections bland,
Or kindles passion to intenser flame.

Mysterious mind! what wondrous faculties
Sustain thy partnership with things of earth?
In vain I search to find the golden link
Which binds pure spirit to a world of sense:
Thou art conjoin'd with frail, with mortal dust,
By Him who form'd thee like himself, whose light
Irradiates the lamp himself hath hung
In his own temple, where he loves to dwell,
Revealing glories, which the sainted shrine
Saw but in symbol, when empyreal flame
Glow'd on the wings of dazzling cherubim.

Last, greatest, best, of His transcendent works,
Who in this lower sphere put forth his power,
And gave, to varied being, varied bliss,—
I hail, O man, thy intellectual soul!
Thy soul immortal, fitted for the skies;

Prepared to follow where archangels tread,
With folded plumes, the precincts of His throne!
I hail thee, Reason, of that soul the sun!
'T is thine with penetrating eye to mark
Falsehood and folly, though in fair disguise;
To link the golden chain of heavenly truth;
And still, with ear attent to Wisdom's voice,
Religion's docile handmaid, meek to learn
Lessons from Faith of mysteries unreveal'd.
'T is thine, illumed, expanded, sanctified,
To hold each lesser power in calm control,
To bid Imagination minister
To Truth and Virtue, while excursive Thought,
Restrain'd by Judgment, sits at Wisdom's feet:
Nor Conscience lifts his warning voice in vain.

Sun of the intellectual world sublime,
When Reason rules beneath Religion's sway!
Then every power (as planets fill'd with light)
Conspires to bless and beautify the sphere;
Then lowly Resignation bows the will,
Impetuous Passion yields to Wisdom's rein,
And Conscience whispers peace; on tablet fair
Then Memory registers the words of truth,
Deposits, in recesses unexplored
By searching Science, costly treasures wrought
By patient Labour from the priceless mine
Of knowledge, richer than embedded gems,

Ruby, or orient emerald sparkling bright.
From Nature and from Art she tribute takes:
Their smiles of beauty, or emblazonments
Of grandeur and sublimity, for her
Prepare fresh forms of loveliness and power.

I COURT thy friendship, Memory. Let the strains
Of sacred wisdom to my soul convey'd
Be register'd by thee! What science shows
Of truth or nature, stamp with impress deep
Upon my yielding mind; the fair, the good,
Meet garniture for high intelligence,
For sainted immortality, receive
As seed into congenial soil; retain
As cherish'd germs of purer, loftier thought,
Of holier communings with Deity.
Yet, stern, as worthless and unwelcome guests,
Discard the vain, the light, the frivolous,
As heaven's pure breath scatters the chaff, or bears
The downy thistle's winged spoils afar.

MYSTERIOUS Power! who, by thy magic spell,
Canst, from the secret chambers of the soul,
Call forth the shadows of departed things,
Without thee what a blank were all the past!
Pleasure and pain, whose sad or smiling mien
Delighted or depressed life's chequer'd course,
Return at thy command, and whispering speak

To the full heart of scenes for ever fled.
Yes; flowing tears bedew the pensive cheek,
And from the breast escapes the unbidden sigh,
When busy Memory speaks of things that were.
Yet sweet thy influence, retrospective Power!
Thou givest the fleeting forms of human joy
Protracted being, when their substance fails;
And even thy sombre visions soothe the soul.
The storm of agony is hush'd to peace;
And that still voice that bade the waves subside,
Repeats its gentle whispers in the ear
Of meek Submission, and anointed Faith.
Time, onward wheeling in his rapid flight,
Lengthens thy shadows towards the close of day;
Soon, on the verge of life, its fleeting forms,
From dim oblivion summon'd forth by thee,
Shall pass in dark and melancholy gloom,
Or wear the tinted radiance of the skies.
O Memory! when with trembling hope I tread
The shores of that illimitable deep
Which merges this world's pageantry, O then!
Soft be thy whispers to my parting soul;
Then, may no pang of conscious guilt intrude;
No unrepented, no uncancell'd sin
Oppress the labouring spirit; no sad sigh
Of unavailing, keen, intense regret
Heave the torn bosom for neglected vows,

For unprized blessings, now no longer mine,
For seasons vanish'd to return no more!

Eternity! the dwelling-place of God!
Eternity! vast, dread eternity
Is man's true goal, his being's final cause;
Whose light, as morning beams disperse the mists
Which midnight gathers round the mountain's brow,
Shall chase the clouds which here mysterious hang
Around his awful destiny, and hold
In deep suspense spirits of light and darkness.
Then shall the purpose of Omnipotence,
By its own might accomplish'd, to all worlds
Disclose, that from Divine Philanthropy,
From Love's ineffable, exhaustless source,
Man's strangely complicated being sprang.

From thoughts apart from earth, thoughts unallied
To its gay, busy, sparkling vanities;
Thoughts that insphere the spirit, even above
The troubled clouds that rude winds bear along
In threatening piles o'er its dark firmament;
From thoughts that soothe, yet startle, that exalt,
Yet penetrate the trembling soul with awe,
I seek refreshing change, in converse sweet
With Nature's holy volume, opening now
On its most brilliant, most illumined page;
The breeze of eve, fanning soft summer flowers,

Wafts balmy coolness to the languid brow.
Life's busy sounds subside, the sprightly trill
Of gentle birds dies in the verdant grove:
Calm, silent beauty, rules the tranquil scene;
And Meditation solaced, yet inspired
By Nature's harmonies, replumes her wings,
And soars, amid the works of Deity,
To learn new elements of praise and love.

THE orb of day retires; adown the west
His gorgeous chariot rolls through glowing realms
Of pure empurpled flame: aloft, around,
Heaven's pearly hyaline reflects the blaze;
And fleecy clouds, bathed in its splendours, sleep
Like golden isles upon the tranquil main,
Transcendent in intense magnificence.
From o'er-fraught lustre, soon the dazzled eye
Asks needed rest;—Devotion lowly bends,
Adoring Him whose majesty and might
The outgoings of the morning, glorious, praise;
To whom still evening lifts the solemn lay,
And bids responsive Nature join her song.

TRANSIENT as glorious, soon the vision fades,
Soft twilight stealing o'er the calm, deep sky;
Beam after beam absorbs its radiant hues,
Till, on the chasten'd scene, in crescent grace,
Night's lovely Regent rises, silver stars

Gem the pure firmament, pale planets shine,
And holy Spirits, from their glittering spheres,
Seem bending down to man, with gentle voices,
In concert sweet, alluring him to heaven.
Entranced, and hallow'd, the fix'd eye, the heart,
With undefined emotion, follows there,
Eager to pierce the veil, to pass within,
To view the hidden splendours of that shrine
Whose dazzling vestibule so radiant glows.

Rapt in the spirit of the scene sublime,
Hope soars elate; and Contemplation, freed
From earth's intrusions, walks awhile at large.
How infinite is God! Far, far on high,
Above those worlds, above the heaven of heavens,
In glory inaccessible he dwells.
Adoring angels know him not; though bright
Within his curtain'd shrine they wait obsequious,
Prompt to perform his will; or, rev'rent, learn
Lessons of wisdom from his works and ways.
He, only He, eternal, uncreate,
High in co-equal majesty, the Son!
Who veil'd the Godhead in humanity;
He only knows Him, He alone declares.
From Him creation, with its wonders, rose;
Those multitudinous orbs that sparkling shine,
That roll and glow in their magnificence,
Absorbing human thought: these, at his word,

Sprang from nonentity, and starr'd the floor
Of his pavilion with their countless beams.
How infinite is God! yon firmament
Blazons his glory! Day and night proclaim
His excellence of greatness, as they lead
The varied hours through the still realms of darkness,
Or guide their lucid and rejoicing course
Beside the dew-bespangled bowers of morn,
To the pure lustre of meridian skies.
Earth bears the impress of Divinity.
Omnipotence, that spann'd the arch of heaven,
Weigh'd, in a balance held by Wisdom's hand,
Its mountains and its hills. His palm outpour'd,
Into the bosom of the boundless deep,
Its mighty waste of waters. He sustains
The isles that gem its measureless expanse,
And reins its rushing fury by his word.
Nor Power alone; Beneficence and Love
Attest the present Deity. In smiles
Of ever-varying beauty, this fair world
Displays its countless forms of happy life.
Can angel minds compute the myriad moulds
In which creative energy has cast
Unconscious being, or intelligence
That feels it bliss and dignity to live?
Known but to Him, whence all originate,
Are his unnumber'd works. Vast or minute,

All live beneath his eye; his care provides
For varying natures varied happiness,
Himself the unexhausted Source of all.
On, and still onward, through the bright, the gay,
The vast, the fathomless, progressive thought
Still wings its wondrous way: God is in all!
His works, that sprang from nothing at his word,
Hang on his mighty hand; his fiat rules;
His energy, that gave them life, sustains.
Sphere, link'd with sphere, through space harmonious rolls,
In order bright; as marshall'd seraphim,
Rank within rank, surround the sapphire throne.
No force, by him unmeasured, thwarts the path
Of circling suns, of systems wide dispread:
No fiery ruin darts fortuitous
Its blazing beams amid those worlds of light.
One spirit guides, one law pervades the whole;
Commingling, yet distinct, each radiant orb
In singleness of glory sparkling shines,
Yet blended, multiplied, transfused, from all
A blaze of concentrated splendour flows,
And with its own pure effluence fills the scene.

HEAVEN is the throne of the Omnipotent;
It is the palace of his Majesty!
The precincts of his dwelling must be fair;
The clouds that curtain his pavilion, stream

With clear reflections of his stainless light.
Angels, who tune their lyres to hymn his greatness,
Who pour the lofty song in ecstasy,
Or, reverent, fall in homage at his feet;
Who contemplate perfection at its source,
And, deep emplunged in Deity, adore;—
These must rejoice; these first-born sons of light,
Heirs of a pure creation, undefiled
By exhalations from the poison'd wastes
Of sin and sorrow, in their perfect bliss,
Immutable as Heaven's eternal love;—
These, basking in the Godhead's brightest beams,
Imbibing emanations as they flow
Fresh from the Fount of life, whose plumy wings
Renew their strength and splendour in the flood
That issues from beneath Jehovah's throne,
(Perennial tide of immortality;)—
These pure, exalted, wise, beneficent,
These elder-born, must share their Maker's grace,
And, full with blessing, evermore be glad.
Shall man, then, languish, like an orphan child
Deserted, in this weary world, estranged
From the sweet bliss of the parental smile,
A cheerless wanderer, on whose rugged path
No flower of Eden blossoms, whose sad night
No star of morn, or orient sun-beam breaks?

Frail child of dust! expand thy grovelling thought,

Launch from this narrow sphere that bounds thy view;
Strive to unearth thy spirit, and aspire
To solve conjecture in the light Divine.
High as yon heaven, whose pure cerulean arch
Spreads its bright canopy o'er this low world;
So far the thoughts of Deity transcend,
So far his ways exceed, thy compass'd powers.

God rules in heaven, in empyrean light;
Justice and holiness his throne sustain.
Truth, on the tablet of eternity,
Inscribes his nature changeless as his name.
Him, as its source, the universal frame
Of boundless being, consentaneous owns.
One power produced it, and one will controls;
One law, the transcript of its high Original,
Immutable, all-perfect, binds the whole;
Binds all to him in homage, binds to bear
The weight and measure of capacity,
Meet semblance of the Architect Divine.
Worlds, infinite but to himself alone,
Careering through his measureless domains,
Beneath one impulse move; one law of power,
Harmonious, regulates the mighty whole;
And Wisdom, while on cherub wing she soars
Through the wide realm of being, joyous hails
The glorious impress of Divinity

In all his hands have made; whose watchful eye,
That scans the whole, discerns each single point,
Whom not the vast amazes, nor the small,
The atom, on creation's scale eludes.

Is earth—thy being's cradle, and the sphere
Of thy sad spirit's restless sojournment—
Is earth, then, hidden from its Maker's eye;
Or cast as a marr'd vessel from his hand?
Sublimely subject to the general law,
Rolls it not onward through the wilds of space,
Uncheck'd by countless spheres, that bright revolve
Within the circle of yon radiant arch,
Whose key-stone is his word? Is not his hand
Full, fill'd with blessings, open to dispense
To its vast families, the great, the small,
In large beneficence, whate'er of good,
For life or bliss, each varying nature craves?
Shines not his light in the pure beam of morn?
Smiles not his beauty in the face of Spring?
Glows not sweet Summer with his perfect grace?
And pours he not his bounty forth sublime,
When Autumn, rich in spoil, rejoicing shows
His purple clusters, and his golden grain?
One law of goodness, as one law of power,
Upholds his rule; in heaven beneficent,
To earth, though but the footstool of his throne,
Extends alike his tenderness and love.

Angels, by sin unsullied, know not grief;
Tears speak not there the wounded spirit's pangs,
Nor agony extorts the labouring groan;
All, all is calm, and purity, and love.
Benignant Goodness, from exhaustless springs,
Feeds the full tide of ever-flowing joy.
But man, frail, fallen man, sad, sinful, suffering,
Craves not alone kind Heaven's exuberant grace:
No, but for him, in pitying tenderness,
Eternal Love in Mercy's form appears,
Compassion—softest, gentlest name of Goodness,—
Stoops to assuage his pangs, and dry his tears.

'T is well, excursive thought, in ample range
Far, far within the depths of that blue vault,
Gemm'd so illustriously, and o'er this world
Less pure, less beautiful, yet lovely still,
Returns exulting; taught in highest heaven,
And in this nether earth, that God is love.
Nor less instructed, than by circling spheres,
That, through unmeasured space, wheel onward still
Their uncomputed, everlasting course.
Nor less than from this fair embellish'd world
Learn I of Goodness, when with earnest gaze
I contemplate myself, survey the shrine
Constructed for indwelling Deity;
The spirit, instinct with immortal powers.
I live and breathe, the workmanship Divine,

A glad participant of light and joy ;
And, in His smile benignant, antedate
The larger, richer blessedness, prepared
For faculties evolving, brightening still,
And gathering, in the precincts of his throne,
New elements of wisdom, strength, and love.
Hope triumphs in the future ; bright, beyond,
The bow of promise spans the eternal hills.
Yet here, in all his amplitude of grace,
His boundlessness of excellence Divine,
My Maker is himself the source, the soul,
The centre, and the summit of my bliss.
Who made me thus, with hopes, and energies,
With faculties, that stoop not to receive
Their meed of blessing from inferior things,
He made me to be happy, made to share,
As finite natures may, his own delight,
And, deep embosom'd in his love, to taste
The fulness of felicity Divine.
Essential Goodness, as Heaven's highest gift,
To man imparts itself ; yet grants, besides,
A thousand thousand lesser rills of joy.
Yes ! not alone, enkindled from above,
Shines Reason's heavenly ray, a sober light,
Through paths perplex'd, and dim, and intricate
To guide the traveller's path ; deep, deep within,
The tender, cherish'd treasures of the soul,
Lie soft affections, gentle charities,

And sympathies, that mingle heart with heart,
Bright golden links in Love's cementing chain,
Let down from heaven in pity to mankind:
These, cheering oft the desert's rudest path,
Like flowers of Paradise, transform the wild
Into a lovely, pleasant, cultured scene;
Where the fond heart, reposing on its joys,
Takes up too readily precarious rest,
Till Heaven, severe in kindness, bids bleak winds
Sear the spring leaf, or scathe the summer flower;
Whispering the while in desolate Sorrow's ear,
That plants perennial only bloom above.
Earth is the sphere of travail, not of rest;
No! not with sublunary scenes, though fair,
Not with earth's highest proffer'd meed of bliss,
Its gentle friendships, its sweet social joys,
Its soft affections, must I long remain.
But as a pilgrim, who, with weary step,
Traversing perilous wastes, sees in his path
The bright oäsis crown'd with verdure smile,
And, grateful, seeks refreshment in its shade,
Yet still with mindful thoughts of distant home:
So, onward towards its goal of perfect bliss
My spirit restless hastes;—Eternity
With its full joys, its hopes uncircumscribed,
Alone presents my being's measurement,
Its large desires of uncomputed good.
In silent mood, and thoughtful, on the verge

Of that vast deep, that fathomless abyss,
Into whose vortex, borne by time's strong tide,
Float sublunary scenes, and thoughts, and cares,
Pensive, yet pleased, in faith, in hope I stand:
Thoughts not of earthly mould, musings on things
Combined of elements unlearn'd by sense,
Witness for heaven and immortality.
Death, stern of form, tremendous, terrible,
In meteor, draperies his giant shade.—
Yet is his sceptre pointless? Yon rude rock,
Stricken by Nature's throes, sends forth an arm
Even from its sepulchred recess, whose might
Dashes the crown from that terrific brow,
And wrenches from his hand the brandish'd dart;
Yes, with that angel guard, beneath whose eye
Quail'd veteran prowess, I stand back and see
Messiah in his majesty come forth!
I see the spoils of conquest on his brow,
I see my vanquish'd foes in triumph led,
My path illumed to immortality!

There is a flight which, with unaided wing,
Reason's elastic pinion cannot reach;
There is a clime which even her eagle eye
Discovers not, till Faith, bright pioneer,
Launch her beyond the mists and shades of sense,
And show the dawning glories of the skies.
Then walks she forth, in meek companionship

With scenes and thoughts that ask the loftiest moods
Of pure intelligence, spirits of light,
Unstain'd as when at God's omnific word
They flash'd in all their glory into life.
With angels there, and sainted men redeem'd,
She holds discourse on human destinies,
Till this vain world, with all its festering cares,
Delusive hopes, fallacious promises,
Its fancied good or evil, far recedes;
And Reason, tutor'd now in things unseen,
Chooses with faith her dwelling-place on high.
In that ethereal realm what wonders rise!
There Wisdom holds her mirror to the mind,
And Harmony from shapeless Chaos springs.
As flits, at set of sun, a lengthening shade,
Man dies and is no more; no more on earth:
Yet, through a dread probation he has pass'd
To that retributive and awful bar,
Where Mercy once, now Justice, reigns alone.
Where stands the trembling spirit, all unclothed?
Fast by that silver stream, whose fringed banks
Bear cluster'd fruits of immortality;
Whose living waters in perennial flow
With ever-fresh vitality shall feed
Its undecaying, still-evolving powers.
There in the purpose of high Heaven, sublime,
Basking in bliss, the purchase of His pangs
Who bore the death for all, stands ransom'd man.

Unransom'd none! Who slights the boon of life,
Deep on himself, and dread, the curse descends!

All, all is grace! through changeful scenes of time,
Through vast eternity's unchanging round,
I live through Him who loves me! Goodness reigns!
Creation speaks Beneficence Divine.
Redemption, like that pure expanse that spreads
Its crystal waves before the emerald throne,
Reflects the stainless splendours of that name
Which angels utter but with prostrate awe.
Redemption! yes, a universe for this
Peopled the void of blank, unmeasured space.
For this, by all-conserving power sustain'd,
A world amidst that universe, though fallen,
Yet hangs, a link in being's glorious chain.
Redemption! 't is the golden key that turns
Each adamantine ward of mystery;
And yields to holy meditative thought
Access, even to the secrets of His throne
Who sits at once the Governor and Judge,
The Friend and Saviour of a purchased world.

Sin solves the problem of man's suffering state,
Redemption, strange resource of sovereign Love,
Prepares the path of Mercy. Grace benign
Showers countless blessings—oft on thankless heads.
Evil and good, in conflict stern and strong,

Contest dominion on this mortal sphere.
Man sins and suffers; rich remedial Grace,
Antagonist of evil, steps between,
With proffer'd antidote for guilt and grief,
Prepares to stanch the deep, the bleeding wound,
And to a peerless blessing turns the curse.

ADVERSITY, harsh monitress! thy brow
Softens to smiles, and thy rude scourge, though keen
And lacerating to the quivering flesh,
Corrective falls, and healthful; for thou comest
Now at the call of Heaven, as Mercy's pioneer,
Who tracks with gentlest grace thy footsteps sad,
Effusing soft, with kind and skilful hand,
A lenient balsam o'er thy festering stripes.
Yes; thou, even thou, with all thy sighs and tears,
Hast oft stood forth a witness for high Heaven;
And to its list of blessings infinite
Hast added thy unwelcome discipline.
True, not for thee wreathes the bright blooming rose,
With snow-white jasmine, its fair clustering flowers;
But solemn cypress shades thy sombre brow,
And round thee spring such plants as strew the bier.
Yet stern, unlovely, rugged as thou art,
For thee shall myriad saints give thanks and sing,
When far from this world's precincts gather'd home

They trace the utmost purpose of that Love
Which minister'd its mercies even by thee.

FAREWELL, sad Minstrel! Be thy harp restrung
To cheerful notes of heart-expanding praise.
Life's darkest hues will brighten in the beam
That shines direct from Heaven. Beneficence,
In mercy or in judgment manifest,
Shall claim the homage of thy gifted lyre,
The homage of thy soul! Beneath the light
That emanates from truth's eternal sun,
Safe shalt thou thread the perilous labyrinth
Which leads through time to immortality:
There blooms perpetual spring; no wintry blast
Sears the sweet flower-bud ere it bursts to light;
No golden fruit maturing on the bough
There falls untimely, stricken by the storm
That sudden hurtles wild through summer skies.
The stream of life, through that fair Paradise
Flows ever, and perennial foliage blooms
In healthful verdure on its margin bright:
And there, in seraph guise, stars in that heaven,
Walk sainted spirits, those who erst in time
Wrestled with earth, and thence escaped to bliss.
The mingled cup, the universal draught
To mortal lips applied, they drank below;
Now, limpid, gushing from its sacred Fount,
The sparkling draught of immortality

'Presents its vital freshness to their taste:
Down from the throne, with noiseless, ceaseless flow,
Impregnate with heaven's bliss, its current falls.
Aspersed with its pure waters, lo, their wings
Of silvery light, as Salmon's drifted snows,
Or golden lustre, brightening on its brow
Beneath the beams of morn, renew their strength.
Baptized into the bliss of heaven, they soar
Upward, and onward still; above, around,
In deep delight the rich effusion flows.
Unwearied, satiate, raptured, searching still,
They plunge into the infinite abyss,
And sink absorb'd in beatific joy.

Now all is light! the chequer'd shades of time
Are merged in the pure sunshine of the skies.
Wisdom and Love, long, long by Faith descried,
Expand the mighty scroll of Providence,
And give to Knowledge, perfected above,
The cipher of the mystery Divine.

TO A FRIEND,

WHO REQUESTED A POETICAL EPISTLE.

'T is a call she could never refuse,
Were she aught but a sly wayward elf,
And would not so peevishly choose,
To pick out a theme for herself:
'T is a summons I 'd fain she would always attend,
'T is a call on the Muse, from the voice of a Friend.

Though not in the dark shady grove,
Or on height of Parnassus she stray,
Or by fountain of Castaly rove,
To gather fresh laurel and bay;
No woodland or spring so inspiring can be,
As the voice of affection and friendship to me.

I will answer myself to the call,
Though no Muses or Graces appear,
Nor court the coy sisters at all,
While truth and affection are near;
But, in language they stamp with their currency,
[illegible]d
[illegible]ine effusions of love to my friend.

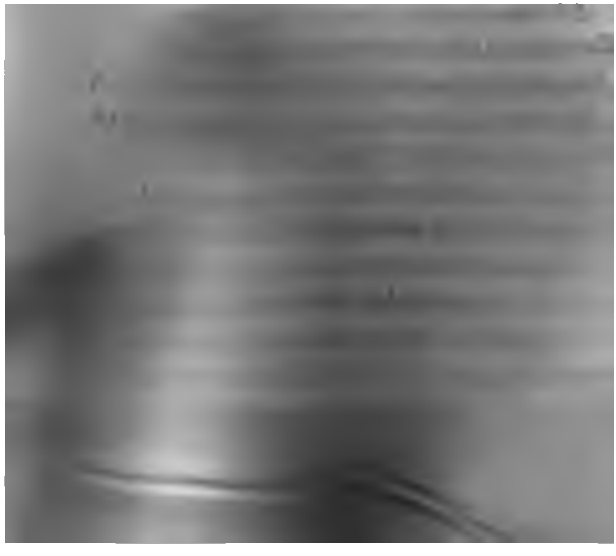
I rejoice, that the tremor of pain,
That the languor of sickness, is past,
That the bright rose its blushes again
Begins on her fair cheek to cast;
That the light in her eye is rekindled, and shows
The gem of the mind, whence its vividness flows.

I rejoice, that the circle of peace
Encloses the hearth of her home;
That while comforts and duties increase,
No waywardness prompts her to roam;
That she cherishes there, and there only displays,
Her rose-bud of pleasure, her laurel of praise.

I rejoice, that the friend of her soul
Still lightens her path as she goes,
That no clouds of adversity roll,
That no shadows of death interpose;
O, long may he prosper, to gladden her sight!
O, long may she flourish, his pride and delight!

May the lambkins that sport by their side
Be their joy and their pleasure in youth;
Kind Heaven instruct them, and guide,
By the precepts of virtue and truth;
That no mist of the mountains may darken their way,
Or foe of the forest ferociously slay.

But Time presses on in his flight,
And earth owns no treasure Divine;
Eternity's fulness of light
Was form'd for that spirit of thine.
In that fulness of light, that her spirit may dwell—
Is my prayer for my friend, with a cordial Farewell!



LINES

INSCRIBED IN THE ALBUM OF A PERSIAN GENTLEMAN.

By the light of yon planet, whose pale orb was gliding
Through oceans of ether, I pensively stray'd:
I saw o'er the universe Wisdom presiding,
And ask'd, why the spirit of man she had made.

"Though fair his abode, and with beauty all glowing,
Though rich this bright canopy over his head;
[illegible]den of pride, though the fresh rose is
[illegible]im the odours of Araby spread;
[illegible] to enrich him her gold mines
[illegible] on his forehead the diamond
[illegible] sighs of the heart-stricken lover,
[illegible] of Ormus impart its meek grace;

"Nor beauty, nor riches, nor grandeur, can charm
him;
O'er honour, o'er pleasure, distasteful he sighs;
'Midst the joys of the banquet forebodings alarm
him;
He crops the young flow'ret; it withers and
dies."

From the wings of the cherub, where riding in
glory,
She sat, and the firmament glow'd at her feet,
Urania descended, to hear my sad story,
And deign'd for my comfort these words to
repeat:—

"Not for riches, or honour, or pleasures decaying,
Was man in my own immortality made;
But, that goodness, and beauty essential, surveying,
His sun might be cloudless, his flowers never
fade.

"Here placed in a state of important probation,
He fights in the battle, and runs in the race;
Till, hail'd by the Judge with Divine acclamation,
The palm and the laurel the Conqueror grace."

IMPROMPTU,

WITH SOME PRESTON SALTS.

Go, pungent, subtile, piercing thing,
Impart thy stimulating aid,
A pleasing, quick refreshment bring,
When languor or disease invade.

Thy crystal particles so fine
Can urge their penetrating way,
And wake the fainting sense; but thine
Is but a momentary sway.

Lighter than thin expansive air,
Thou givest thy virtues to the wind;
Exposure, use, thy powers impair,
And leave a vapid mass behind.

Not such is Friendship's soothing power,
Sad sorrow's sweet restorative;
Her gentle aid, in suffering's hour,
Sustains the heart, and bids it live.

No volatile, elastic charm,
That stings, revives, evaporates;
Hers is the spirit, constant, calm,
That blesses life's still changing states.

And in that last, that dying swoon,
Whose mists shall dim the brightest eye,
Her virtues shall not fail, but soon
Revive in immortality.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND,

ON THE BAPTISM OF HER INFANT DAUGHTER, 1836.

"BAPTIZED for the dead."—1 Cor. xv. 29.

THE dead, the dead in Christ, are gone!
Victorious, from the well-fought field;
Once stern, they braced the corslet on,
Wore crested helm, and seven-fold shield;
Withstood the adverse powers of night,
And conquer'd in the arduous fight.

Now all is calm:—with unmail'd breast,
And laurell'd brows, and banners bright,
Serene, in stormless climes they rest:
And joyful from that world of light,
Long, loud, and sweet their Pæans rise,
And swell the music of the skies.

They rest in peace! But sleeps the foe
Who dared Messiah's right withstand?
Embattled legions answer, "No!"
And close the rank, and nerve the hand,
And fiercer urge the desperate strife
'Gainst Heaven, and truth, and light, and life.

Who follows in the warrior-train
  Of Him who, on his milk-white steed,
Comes forth, the conflict to sustain,
  And, crown'd and sceptred, deigns to lead
His hosts to where, in dark array,
The fiercest foe disputes the day.

Who to the high emprise aspires?
  And, hastening to the ensanguined field,
The pure baptismal rite requires,
  For him who, on his well-kept shield,
Was borne triumphant from the fight,
To wear the victor's crown of light?

The church responds,—Her rising train,
  With fond maternal arm, she bears;
Weeps for the dead;—but not in vain,
  In hopeless sorrow, flow her tears.
Lo! at the consecrated shrine,
Her children ask the rite Divine.

They come to crave the covenant-grace,
  Their sacramental pledge to bring.
God of the Patriarchs' honour'd race!
  Of Israel's holy armies King!
Lord of Sabaoth! hear us now;
Accept, and seal the plighted vow!

Lo! Parents at thine altar stand,
  Resolved and pledged the faith to keep;
Themselves, with steadfast heart and hand,
  Presented there, by those who sleep,—
Who sleep in Christ,—or sainted, still
Their lengthen'd course in light fulfil.

They bring their little ones to Thee,
  Whose eye on little ones of old
Was cast in sweet complacency;
  That, with thy veteran hosts enroll'd,
Their children's plighted names may stand,
To serve, till death, at thy command.

Thou! who in Jordan's sacred flood
  Didst sanctify the mystic sign,
Who, prayerful, on its margin stood,
  While, issuing from the inmost shrine,
The Father's voice, approving, came,
And glistering Dove, on wings of flame;

Accept thy Servants' offering now,
  And, while thy hallow'd courts they tread,
Confirm the sacramental vow:
  Thy Spirit's purest influence shed;
Baptize into thyself, for those
Who now, with thee, in bliss repose.

Smile on the infant charge they bear,
And wait, in duteous love, to place
Beneath thy safe paternal care;
Receive it to thy kind embrace:
Claim for thyself the mortal shrine,
And seal the ransom'd spirit thine.

THE END.

Printed by James Nichols, 46, Hoxton-square.

OF THE PUBLISHERS MAY BE HAD,

In one Vol., Royal 18mo, price 7s. 6d., Cambric,

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM:

A POEM.

BY AGNES BULMER.

"To the performance of her most 'delightful task,' Mrs Bulmer has brought powers of no common order; a cultivated understanding, a strong but reined imagination, fine taste, poetic feeling, a gifted mind deeply imbued with the heavenly maxims of an extensive and correct theology, and the whole crowned with a vigorous judgment capable of arriving at true and satisfactory conclusions. The well-educated reader will be delighted to find his just expectations in every respect abundantly realized: good poetry, harmonious versification, sound reflections, animated descriptions, and lofty thinkings, diversify and characterize the contents of the volume." —*Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine.*

"Her poem contains so much that is admirable in sentiment, and often happy in expression—so much that will come home to the best class of readers, that we do not scruple to pronounce it worth a score of second-rate Epics."—*Eclectic Review.*

"There are passages touched with poetic beauty, and with the warmth of an earnest mind and anxious heart."—*Athenæum.*

"This is a volume of very harmonious versification, very pleasing feeling, and of sound and right views."—*The British Magazine.*

"Mrs. Bulmer has taken high ground, and grasped a subject vast, mighty, and sublime; but, though the theme is lofty, we must confess that it has not suffered deterioration from her pen. In the execution of her task, she has evinced great poetic talent, accompanied with originality and taste. The deep Christian feeling, and intimate acquaintance with Scripture and its doctrines, manifested throughout the poem, convince us that the authoress has not merely read for the work, but that the sentiments it contains are the echo of her heart, and the practice of her

life. Altogether it is an admirable poem; one that will bear frequent reading, and is worthy of a place in the library of every Christian."—*Imperial Magazine.*

"We are not dissatisfied at our acquaintance with our fair poetess; and we can assure our readers, there are many passages of considerable merit in the poem before us. Its subject is a gradual developement of the Messiah's kingdom, from the first promise of a Redeemer to its final establishment."—*Christian Remembrancer.*

"Her beautiful and spirited poem, lately published, and entitled 'Messiah's kingdom,' was probably one of the last books, if not the very last, which our common friend, now passed into the skies, employed himself in perusing: and he stated, in strong terms, to the writer of these lines, his high opinion of its theological and poetical merit."—*Dr. Bunting's Memorials of the late Rev. Richard Watson.*

"This is the longest poem by a Lady in any language that I am acquainted with. It seems to embrace the sum of the lessons which an immortal spirit has learned of itself, of its fellow-creatures, and of God, on its progress to glory and felicity through a world fallen and miserable. The author retires into the sanctuary of her own heart, and soliloquizes upon things, events, and reminiscences, that spontaneously, as it were, pass in succession through her thoughts. The versification is distinguished by remarkable freedom and fluency. It is a volume from which hundreds of happy quotations might be made."—*James Montgomery, Esq.*

"We are much mistaken if the lovers of poetry do not assign a high place to 'Messiah's Kingdom,' a work just published [in New York] from the first English edition, the perusal of which has afforded us a gratification of no ordinary character. The poem is of the epic character, of such variety of measure as to prevent monotony or tediousness in style; though perhaps the ability exhibited by Mrs. Bulmer would have secured interest to any style she might have adopted."—*New-York Christian Journal.*